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The SARGASSO



The 1916 SARGASSO
of KOKOMO HIGH SCHOOL

Allen County Public Library
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Class of nineteen sixteen

The SARGASSO



SENIORS 1916



TO
WILLIAM H. COUGHLAN
WE
THE SENIOR CLASS *of* NINETEEN SIXTEEN
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATE
THIS ANNUAL



In Memoriam

LULU M. CAMPBELL

August 31, 1896—January 13, 1916

—
“Not what we give but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me.”



In Memoriam

FRED BELL

July 21, 1898 — March 10, 1916

"None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise."



In Memoriam

ROYAL WILLIAMS

January 31, 1899 — June 27, 1915

*"Yet would we keep thee in our heart
Nor let thee utterly depart."*



AC



SARGASSO STAFF

Editor-in-Chief—DOUGLAS MOORE
Associate Editor—IRENE RAYER
Assistants—ELSIE MILLER, RUTH TURLEY
Literary Editor—MILDRED HEATON
Assistant—MAUDE HAAS
Joke Editor—ROSCOE MOORE
Athletic Editor—ALLAN HUNTER

Art Editor—ARLINE CHARLES
Assistant—RUTH COUGHLAN, JOHN MCKEE
Society Editor—MABEL THATCHER
Business Manager—EDMUND CRITCHLOW
Assistant—CLEA REAGAN
Advertising Manager—GEORGE McREYNOLDS

Just a word with you



HEN IN THE COURSE OF HUMAN EVENTS, it becomes necessary for seniors to dissolve the bonds which have connected them with their fellow students, and to assume in the ranks of life the separate and equal stations for which the preceding year have prepared them, past custom requires that they leave behind some memorial of their four years' sojourn.

In this volume we submit to you the product of our work. We make no apologies, for into it we have put our best efforts. It is not our object to set a standard or to throw down a challenge to succeeding classes. We only hope you will find it a true mirror of this year's events, and accept it as such. We shall not say the old things over, express the time-worn wishes, but leave it to your judgment, merely hoping you will treat it kin'ly.



MR. HAWORTH
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS



MR. HINSHAW
PRINCIPAL OF HIGH SCHOOL



MR. ARMSTRONG



MR. FREDRICK



MR. KAUTZ

THE SCHOOL BOARD

Chronicle of the year

School for this year was started in the old Tabernacle but it was decided to discontinue for a week and then open in the new building which was at this time all but finished.

On September 20 school was started in the new building as planned, although many of the departments were not fully equipped. These departments were soon brought up to standard and the work went forward without further interruption.

The formal dedication came in December, Dr. George R. Grose, of DePauw University, making the address of the evening. The first game was played in the gymnasium on January 7. Since then the team defeated every opponent on the home floor, and won the district tournament, forming a record of which we are all justly proud.

On January 18 the music department gave a musical comedy, "The Windmills of Holland," under the direction of Mr. Eckert. The senior class gave their class play on February 10. The play, "Polly's Magic," was a distinct success.

This year can be looked back upon by all seniors as one full of pleasure and profit.

Class of nineteen sixteen

Gr.^o SARGASSO

FACULTY



LAWRENCE H. BENNETT—Graduated in 1908 from Anderson high school and then attended Indiana University, where he received his A. B. degree in 1912. He has taught history and civics in K. H. S. since 1912. He has been manager and chief booster of the K. H. S. basketball team for several seasons.

CLARA E. BERRY—Graduated from Indianapolis high school and then attended Indiana State Normal. She attended Columbia University for a summer term; received her B. S. degree from Purdue University. She has taught at Dana, Rensselaer, West Lafayette, Decatur and in K. H. S. since 1915.

MARY JANE BRANDON—Graduated in 1909 from Kokomo high school. She attended Purdue University for a year, then finished at Butler College, where she received the A. B. degree in 1914. Miss Brandon has taught English in K. H. S. since 1914.

MARGARET CHOATE—Graduated in 1910 from K. H. S. and from Butler College in 1915. Taught in the grades at New London school during 1911-12 and Kokomo central school 1912-13. Miss Choate has taught mathematics in K. H. S. since 1915.

ELTON R. CLARK—Graduated Rensselaer high school and received A. B. degree from Butler College in 1915. Student-assistant in biological laboratory New York University in 1915. Has taught chemistry in K. H. S. since 1916.



GERTRUDE COLESCOTT—Graduated from Kokomo high school and then attended Indiana University, receiving her A. B. degree in 1908. Miss Colescott has taught history, civics and general science since 1910 in K. H. S.

WILLIAM H. COUGHLAN—Student at Indiana University 1904-05. Mr. Coughlan was principal of the South Peru high school 1900-02 and acting-principal of Peru high school 1903-04. Has been member of K. H. S. faculty since 1906. He was professor of mathematics until 1913 when he became head of the commercial department. He has been manager of the 1911, 1912, 1913 and 1916 Sargassos. He is a member of the athletic association.

MARY A. DYE—Graduated from Maplewood classical school and attended Western College, receiving her A. B. degree there in 1913. She was a teacher in the Kokomo public schools in 1907-10 and has taught English in K. H. S. since 1913.

GEORGE R. ECKERT—Graduated from manual training high school, Indianapolis, where he received probate instruction in music. Mr. Eckert was a private instructor of music in Indianapolis and was engaged in concert work throughout the state previous to his coming to Kokomo in 1913. He is music instructor and director of the high school orchestra.

PAUL W. GAWNE—Graduated from Lafayette high school. Mr. Gawne attended Purdue University, receiving his B. S. degree in mechanical engineering in 1909. He was assistant professor in foundry practice at the University of Illinois previous to his coming to K. H. S. He has taught manual training in the Kokomo public schools since 1913. He is treasurer of the athletic association.



ROY M. GIBSON—Graduated from Logansport high school. Mr. Gibson attended the University of Wisconsin. He has taught manual training and mechanical drawing in the Kokomo high school since 1914. He has been coach of the baseball team.

T. A. HANSON—Attended Purdue University, receiving his B. A. degree there in 1908. Mr. Hanson has taught science in both the Wabash and Russiaville high schools. He has been track coach since 1910 and football coach in 1910. He has been "dean of the lockers" for several years. Mr. Hanson has taught science in K. H. S. since 1910.

O. G. HARRELL—Graduated from the New London high school and attended Earlham College, receiving his B. S. degree there in 1909. Mr. Harrell was director of athletics and teacher of mathematics in Jacksonville, Ill., college 1909-1910. He has been principal of both the Amboy and

Converse schools. Has been basketball coach in K. H. S. since 1912. Mr. Harrell has taught biology in Kokomo high school since 1912.

ABBIE HENBY—Graduated from the Greenfield high school, and attended Earlham College, receiving the A. B. degree there in 1910. She has taken post-graduate work at the University of Colorado and Indiana University. Studied in Germany during the summer of 1911. Miss Henby has taught German in Kokomo high school since 1913.

C. E. HINSHAW—Graduated from Westfield high school 1903, then attended Indiana University, receiving A. B. degree in 1910. He also took post-graduate work at universities of Indiana and Chicago. Mr. Hinshaw was principal at Princeton two years and principal of Huntington high school two years. Has been principal of K. H. S. since 1915.



PEARL LEARNER—Attended the Indiana State Normal and University of Chicago. Mrs. Learner taught in Indianapolis before she came here. She has taught in the Kokomo public schools and has been instructor in domestic art since 1914.

INDIA L. MARTZ—Attended Butler College, receiving the A. B. degree there in 1890. She is a graduate student of both Winona Lake and University of Chicago. Miss Martz taught English and German in the Chippewa high school in 1890. Traveled in Europe in 1910. She has taught Latin and German in K. H. S. since 1893.

RUTH MILLER—Graduated in 1911 from Kokomo high school and attended Indiana University, re-

ceiving the A. B. degree in 1915. Miss Miller has taught Latin in K. H. S. since 1915.

FLORA F. ROBERTS—Attended Purdue University, receiving B. S. and M. S. degrees. Has attended the University of Chicago. Miss Roberts has taught in West Lafayette and was superintendent of schools at Chalmers, Indiana. She has taught English in K. H. S. since 1910.

ADDA LEE ROGERS—Graduated from Newcastle high school and attended Indiana University, receiving the A. B. degree and also took post-graduate work. She has taught at Mt. Summit and Rushville. Miss Rogers has taught Latin and history in K. H. S. since 1914.



BLANCHE A. RYKER—Graduated from the Tipton high school and attended Butler College, receiving an A. B. degree there in 1910. She has also taken post-graduate work at the University of Minnesota. Miss Ryker has taught English in K. H. S. since 1910.

ALMA SUTHERLIN—Graduated from the high school at Roachdale, Indiana, in 1911, and then received A. B. degree from DePauw University in 1915. During the years 1915-16 she taught German in the Kokomo high school.

ANNA B. WARD—Was a student at Indiana State Normal, at Bethany College and Indiana University. She has taught in primary and grammar grades in Kokomo public schools and also the Lafayette schools. Miss Ward was formerly principal of the first ward and has taught mathematics in K. H. S. since 1898.

CLARISSA WILLIAMSON—Attended the fine and applied arts schools in New York and graduated from the applied art school in Chicago. She has taught domestic arts and interior decorating in K. H. S. since 1913.

MR. WOODY—Graduated from Frankfort Academy and Howard College and then received his degree from the National Normal University, Lebanon, Ohio, in 1874. Received life state license in 1894. Graduate professional study, Clark University, a graduate college, Worcester, Mass., 1902. Taught country schools between college work. New London schools, superintendent and principal, eight years; Kokomo schools, principal of high school twelve years, superintendent of schools five years; Greencastle schools, superintendent sixteen years Mathematics in K. H. S. 1915-16.

Class of nineteen sixteen

The SARGASSO





Class of nineteen sixteen

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SENIORS 1916



LEONARD APPLETON—"Apple" is just as industrious as he looks, and is a fitting model to head the senior list. He never has quite outgrown his freshman shyness, and as for girls—we'd faint if we saw him talking to one. But he can attend to his own business—may his tribe increase.

NOEL BAUER—Noel is easily recognized by his suave manner and extremely sleek pompadour. He recites with an air of calm resignation, especially in German. (He is one of the two boys in the class.) The young gentleman has never been known to have a fondness for the weaker sex, but there's plenty of time yet.

MYRLE BAIR—Myrle came to our midst a stranger, but she can hold her own with the native-born senior beauties. She seems to be mighty pop-

ular with every one, boys, too. (No names mentioned.) She is a star member of Miss Roberts' English grammar class.

GINEVRA BARNSGROVER — Ginevra is best known as Vernice's "accomplice." They can truthfully be called the "inseparable compound," as our green-backed grammar doth term it. Ginevra has a remarkable dislike for work which causes us to wonder how she manages to get on the honor list.

VERNICE BAYNE—When any information, from a forecast of the weather to the latest fashion hint is wanted, Vernice is right there. She is one of the famous South Side bunch who have mustered up enough credits to graduate. She has a sunny smile which never fails to win friends for her.



MADGE BECRAFT—Madge is plump and so comfortable-looking. She displays great skill in dressing her abundant blonde locks. Madge distinguished herself and surprised her enemies by getting "E" in English the first six weeks, and it has stimulated her to greater effort. Her only fault is that she uses Melba powder.

CHARLES BEECHING—"Tod" is big enough to "lick" anybody in school. Luckily he hasn't the ambition to do it. He is always to be found in the halls surrounded by a bunch of smiling females. His one worry is that he can never find any pumps dainty enough to suit his fastidious taste. Oh, yes, and he likes anything good to eat.

RUTH BITTERS—We imagine that when Ruth was a little girl she was the living personification of Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." She has an

innocent air and a captivating lisp most unusual nowadays. Ruth's complexion is the envy of all the other girls—and it will not rub off either.

CEDRIC BOGUE—"Bogie" was so ambitious to make his way in the world that he left us in January and started in to accomplish his desire. He has always been a boy of great judgment and common sense; he even took a year or so of Latin. We predict he will be the advance agent of a big "movie" concern.

FRANK BROO—Frank is our tall broad-shouldered Swede, who is noted for his athletic inclinations. Frank's chief diversion is throwing paper-wads in the assembly when he isn't studying. He has no hard feelings toward the faculty, it may be said, for he has never been known to turn his pet goat loose on them.



MARY BRUNER—Did you ever see a light-haired girl with Vianna? That's Mary. Her histrionic ability is undisputed, as she was not only a charming Dutch girl, but was later a stunning society lady as well. She is one of Mr. Bennett's "right hand crew" and is an all-around good girl.

GERALDINE BURNS—"Jerry" left our happy community last fall, to try her hand in the commercial world, but has returned now. She distinguished herself as a leader, when she managed her class last year. She was one of Prof. Harrell's prize "botanical students." (?)

KARLENE CAIN—Karlene has been famous ever since the first day she was in high school and Mr. Haworth called her "Car-line Cain!" She is not only a heart-breaker, but makes excellent

fudge. She is as bright as Venus, but any one who has ever been in her classes knows she doesn't like to be contradicted.

EDMUND CRITCHLOW—"Ed" is the most typical "boy" in our class. He is the best-hearted chap you ever saw and is "plum" full of fun. He brought down the house on a class-play tryout day by reciting a Shakespearian sonnet whose meaning was too deep to grasp. Ed's main requirements for a wife are that she be pretty, and he able to make good candy.

LULU CAMPBELL—Lulu is one whom we have loved and lost, but only for the present. Her modesty, her genial good humor, her love of fair play, and appreciation of higher culture were the chief reasons for her many friendships. There is no one who will ever take her place among us.



VIRGINIA CASHMAN—This young lady is a blonde, one of the tall and willowy type. She is an ardent admirer of sour pickles and full skirts, which makes us believe the saying "Food and clothes make the person." Virginia always gets an "E" in every subject. She is no bluff, for she always knows which side of the page the lesson is on, whether she can answer the question or not. (Strange, isn't it?)

ROBERT CHANCELLOR—Robert entered our midst just this last year. He has distinguished himself as a member of the high school orchestra. His dignified and pompous manner is used to intimidate freshmen and cause them to feel that he is one of the faculty. His chief hobby is studying and blowing his "horn."

ARLINE CHARLES—Arline is another of our renowned class and the Art Editor of this Annual. Her modest manners and retiring disposition have

won her many friends, and although she was unable, because of illness, to finish her work this year, we are unwilling to let any other class claim her among their number.

ELVA COLE—Elbert's "sin twister." She has the round pleasant face and blue eyes, typical of a rural lassie. She had the silence habit on all topics discussed (and what is so rare as a silent woman?). And she is no longer rare, but discusses volubly. Elva has no enemies that we know of and we predict that she will make an ideal button sewer for some one, in fact we are sure of it, for she is an "E" student in sewing and tatting.

ELBERT COLE—Is that tall twin-brother that scurries wildly down the halls as if he really had something important to attend to. In spite of the fact that he hails from the country he has succeeded well, even though he's a twin, and we hope his prospects are not as dark as his name, but quite as rich in calories.



IRENE COLEMAN—Irene Coleman is the sole possessor of the Coleman giggle. She is best known probably as Karlene's chum, it's a rare thing to see one without the other. Irene has chewed enough gum during her high school career to plaster the building. She is one of the fortunate mortals who prefer the society of him to solitary meditation.

NELLIE COVALT—One of the many and illustrious Covals that graduate every year or so. Nellie is a thorough student and has the respect of the faculty, even though a senior. She is a gifted member of the senior German class, and assisted materially in the class-play. We can truly point the finger of pride to "Our Darling Nellie C."

THOMAS CALHOUN—"Tom" is extremely lengthy, and has eyes like a ferret. Mr. Bennett has used more pounds of energy trying to make

Tom quit talking so much in civics class, than he has in playing basketball. We know Tom will evolve into the keeper of a deaf-and-dumb institute.

MARIE DANDOY—Marie is an Americanized daughter of France, and a useful member of the high school orchestra. She can read German like a Deutscher, and we always have her tell us how to pronounce the French words in the lesson. She has just recently bound up her golden tresses, probably more befitting a senior—hence her dignity.

ARLINE DAUGHERTY—Arline is the kindest-hearted girl you ever saw. She would pawn her best fellow's frat pin to buy something for a tramp to eat. She is quite proficient in the art of tickling typewriter keys. She likes the atmosphere so well that she even eats her dinner in Room 301. We predict that she'll take a blue ribbon as a stenographer.



RUTH DAVIES—Here is one of the "group" who has drifted from the primary class to senior fame. Her rendition of Deutsch is so startlingly wonderful that we know she will be a school "marm" like Miss Henby. Ruth is very studious and richly deserves the "E's" she receives.

MARY ELLIS—Another of our demure and quiet maids of the Priscilla type. Mary sits around in a dark red sweater and works and works and then works. There is no nonsense to her. She is one of Mr. Coughlan's right-hand dependable girls. Mary will make an ideal school teacher.

OSCAR FARMER—Oscar is not just exactly what his name implies, yet he risks his life on an interurban every day just to get here to "corrall" some knowledge. He has become quite skillful in some lines, among them being German and higher algebra. Oscar has not been known to stay the eighth period to converse with a certain fair senior, excepting which he is entirely normal.

VIANNA FELSKÉ—From her name you would think that Vianna is a Russian dancer, but you're mistaken. Take a look at her hair. Vianna claims that the cause of her good nature and numerous smiles is that she wears her watch so the hands can tickle her. Her specialty is noiselessly floating into the assembly at 8:29 a. m. and 12:53 p. m., and then is when she looks her prettiest and most composed.

HAROLD FREELAND—Too much can not be said about "Preacher." His immeasurable altitude has produced him much glory, without mentioning all his various pursuits, namely: Arranging orchestra music, studying Cicero, making speeches and many others. He was one of the chief masculine agitators of the mirror for Room 300. He is sure an "all-around good fellow."



CECIL GOYER—Cecil is a genuine "Rube," but he thinks nobody knows it. Yet we're not knocking you, Cecil, all great brains came from the country. Whenever there is a class social or a hay ride and eats, Cecil comes. G. H., says Cecil, is one of the "nicest boys in school," and if she says so, we'll take her word for it.

KATHALEEN GRAHAM—"Pick" is our most "notorious" character and is a stranger to the faculty. She is a model of exquisite fashion, always has the latest in dress and head gear. Even though she never gets her lessons, no one can have the blues while in her company. Her hobbies are ragtime and chiffon waists.

MILDRED GREESON—"Claudia Rip" is a terror but beware her temper when it gets to the boiling point! In spite of sitting with Ham Hansell in the assembly, her general behavior is good. Mildred is right there on the domestic questions

and her candy can't be beat. Her pastime is devoted to piano playing and riding "rambunctious" horses.

MAUDE HAAS—"Damon and Pythias" or Maud and Mildred H. are commonly seen together. Even those two famous characters could not have been better friends. Maud eats languages alive and swallows music whole. She was one of the main agitators of the mirror for Room 300, and had it hung so she could see her feet. Her worst fault is day-dreaming.

HARRIET HALE—Did anybody ever see Harriet without a smile on her face? Perhaps the only time she wasn't smiling was when in the class play. She was petulantly begging her "husband" for money with which to buy "absolute necessities." She is one of that renowned "East Side bunch," whose members are all so beautiful and popular.



ENNIS HANCOCK—Ennis has finally received enough credits to graduate, after many "extra" years of toiling. He delights in pulling a certain girl's curls, for which courtesy many a pencil and book has been broken over his pate. He has a very innocent expression, but Shakespeare says, "It is hard to find the mind's construction in the face."

FERNE HANNAH—"J. Fern" is one of our dazzlingly brilliant students who has never been known to get anything lower than "E" (what an experience she lost.) She is admired by faculty and students alike. She appears to have a serene disposition, but we have known her to become wrathful. Ferne can rattle off Latin like a talking machine, and she knows what it means, too.

JULIA HAWKINS—Here is one of the stars of the commercial constellation. She can typewrite faster than an electric piano can play. Julia is a

small individual, but she makes herself known by her quick wit and ready answers. She is an "E" student and loves her teachers devotedly. Oh, yes, and some other things, too!

GLADYS HEATON—Gladys is a merry-hearted girl, one of those extraordinary creatures who can manage to get an "E" in every subject and attend all the basketball games, too. She has gone through high school handicapped by the fact that many pupils and most of the faculty thought that she was Mildred's sister. She rose nevertheless from this depressing condition and now is learning to typewrite. Her pet hobby is the Sipe.

MILDRED HEATON—Mildred is the author of all the senior biographies except this one. We would consider this enough honor for any one, but nay, not so. She must needs be the star of a Latin class, and head the list of those who would consider an "E" as a disgrace.



NELLIE HOBSON—Nellie would make a pretty good imitation of "Sella." She has that calm imperceptible look, don't—yha—know. Nellie's chief asset is her hair, which is both abundant and beautiful. She is a mathematical genius, so if you've never seen one, here is your chance—look at her. Nellie's chief occupation for the past two months has been pestering Ye Lit. Ed. to let her read her own biography. Here it is—fall to.

MARY HODGIN—One of the most democratic individuals we ever saw is Mary. She left us in January and deeded her locker to Julia Hawkins. Having a "regular steady" she has paid no attention whatever to the masculine beings that throng the halls. Mary's middle name is Independence and the freshmen will remember her as a recognized leader and participant in all school affairs.

MILDRED HOLLINGSWORTH—Mildred is a rather meek and silent little creature. In spite of her primness she is quite jolly. Mildred hails from Windfall, and that is saying the best and worst of her. If she looks a little pale at graduation time we will know that it is because she has just finished plowing through *Wilhelm Tell*.

ALLAN HUNTER—Allan is a guard in the high school basketball team and does his part in bringing home our record-breaking victories. He is something of a lady fuzzer and has quite a time deciding which girl he should sit with in the assembly, for owing to his extreme popularity, he has a number of "highest bidders."

MARY HUNTER—Mary is a very shy, demure maiden. She is too modest to appear often in society except with her noted senior brother. She is studious and lovable and her sincerity has won her many friends.



RUTH HUTCHCROFT—Ruth is slim and studious, her friendships are faithful and genuine. She is one of the most consistent workers on the list, and she makes no fuss about getting her lessons, either. She is one of Mr. Coughlan's choice "key-ticklers" and is a great aid in his department.

DE ARMOND HUTSON—"Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look." Only his name doesn't happen to be Cassius. De Armond is blessed with a French name and American energy. He is the most perfect specimen ever seen in an assembly, never having been known to take his eyes from his books. He will surely turn out to be a poet, or he might let his hair grow long and be mistaken for a musical genius, but a success he must be.

EDITH JACKSON—Edith is Prof. Coughlan's chief assistant in calling the roll each morning and noon. She is a hard and consistent worker and

has made for herself the name of a clever girl. All together she is a worthy model for some freshmen to imitate. She adores basketball games and green ties.

HELEN JETER—Helen is a whole-souled little maid from Russaville. She fishes continually for "E's" with ease, and lines up a string on her card every time. Her main source of glory is the fact that she's Mike Harrell's sister-in-law. She has acquired a happy and self-satisfied air, from the atmosphere of Room 300.

MAUD KEESLING—Maud is that quiet girl with violet grey eyes. She keeps out of the vulgar glare of the limelight, and contents herself with measuring up to the standard set by the teachers. She surely is able to attack anything and do it.



KATHRYN KELVIE—"Katy" has been one of our most enterprising young girls during her course in school. She starts out her recitations with "Why, I think"—(no intimations as to whether she does or not) cast. However, we suggest that she form a company to play the "Slim Princess," and choose herself for the leading role.

MARY KEPNER—Mary is one of our most vivacious girls, and has curly black hair. She has the type of good looks which seems to appeal to basketball boys. Mary is a boon companion of Maxine Knotts, and when those two are around things are lively. Mary is a loyal supporter of all high school function.

VIRGINIA KIGHTLINGER—Virginia is a discreet young lady, who has almost gained the reputation of being dignified. But she splashed along creek banks looking for buttercups just as any of us did

when we took botany. She has been granted the honor of putting up in the halls the names of the absentees. She is an expert in the commercial line and noon-day "rambles."

IVA KIMBLE—Iva has so much hair that she hardly knows what to do with it. She is no relation to the Kimball Piano Company, although she is no doubt musical, being a violinist in the orchestra. Her main fault is that she has been known to stay occasionally the eighth period to study.

MAXINE KNOTTS—Maxine is the jolliest girl in high school. The fun just bubbles out of her. The first of this term she awed everyone in her civics class to silence, by reciting fluently on every topic that Mr. Bennett suggested. Maxine tried to calm down her bubbling spirits by undergoing a year of chemistry, but long life to her bubbles.



RAY LANTZ—"Red" is comical, popular, and handsome as Hanson. He's never got over the time that some timid little freshman girl asked him why he was wearing a false face to school. He dared to brave the terrors of the auditorium stage to lead us in some yells; and we admire his courage yet. His hobby is to keep the class roaring. And last, but not least, he is captain of the track team.

PAUL LAYMON—Paul is a mild individual, the only time he ever has wrathful feelings is when some one says he looks like a girl. He demonstrated his vocal ability in the "Windmills of Holland," and was one of the chosen few in the senior-faculty basketball game. He is always loyal to K. H. S., '16.

CECILE LONG—Cecile is somewhat like her name, and when in full motion is not unlike a certain bird useful to milliners. She is a good and consistent worker and is a delight to the soul of Mr.

Coughlan; it being reported that she has worn dents in the typewriter keys. Cecile's main hobby is to lose her handkerchiefs at frequent intervals.

WINIFRED MAHER—"Winnie" reminds one of the "dear little girl" in that old Irish song by the same name. Winifred has improved her time by learning to sew and wears a dress that she made herself. She has a calm assurance which she dons in civics class especially, so that Mr. Bennett will not ask her any questions.

HOBART MARTIN—If there ever was a clown in high school it is Hobart. His middle name ought to be "Abe." He can imitate anybody or anything he ever saw. Hobart doubtless thinks the main cause of his popularity with the girls is his good looks, but after reading this edifying report, he'll know better. He is an illustrious member of the orchestra, and he powders industriously before each performance thereof.



JULIA McGAW—Another of the famous McGaws is about to leave us. There are some boys in this high school who will never recover from the smiles that Julia gave them once. She has an independence that is quite a refreshing change from the "clinging vine" type. Julia is an expert in debating and an authority on Hamlet!

NAOMI MCINTURF—Naomi is noted for the fact that she does not like to write themes, and she is taking English grammar to avoid them. Naomi is a good, sensible girl (not altogether on account of the above) and she's just the sort that will make a reliable wife. But as yet Naomi has not informed us of any such intentions.

RAYMOND McNEAL—"Doc" is a valued member of the high school orchestra and the calendar editor of this notable volume. He is a loyal at-

tendant of all class meetings, and although he has little to say, his presence is an inspiration. He is famous for his stylish appearance and his desire to become a second Mischa Elman.

WILLIAM MCKORKLE—It would be hard to find a more bashful fellow than William. He once went across the street to avoid speaking to a girl. But now! We are glad though that he outgrew this handicap. He is seldom tardy, but his time of entrance is about 8:29½ a. m.

GEORGE McREYNOLDS—Behold Cicero II! By his terrifically powerful voice he holds his audiences spell-bound. "Chesty" is a great debater and has represented our school more than once. He it is that grafted the purple in our class colors for which act—but then we'll let it drop. How he loves ham sandwiches!



ELSIE MILLER—Our small but mighty basket-ball star of the first magnitude is far famed, not only for her fair features, but also for her evident good nature and versatility. As Hortense, in the Class Play, she walked off with the red roses.

RUTH MOON—"Curly" is our most noted and accomplished violinist. When she begins to play she makes Kubelik look like a one-man German band. It seems as if "Curly" has gone through school with the idea that if she did not get "E" plus in a subject she was flunking. Our wishes are that her life may be as harmonious as her music.

DOUGLAS MOORE—If "Dug" wore a VanDyke and smoked perfumed cigarettes, he might pass for an Italian count. But fortunately, he is not one. He is the chief agitator of the senior class,

and is the Sargasso editor. The only thing about "Dug" that is small is his stature.

ROSCOE MOORE—The name of Moore is an illustrious one. "Boscoe" is an all-around sport. He can manage the senior class, and he can help us win the district tournament. And he surely played his part well in the class play as he had the genuine just-swallowed-a-poker effect of a real butler. Although Boscoe is quiet, he is not nearly so shy as he looks, and will be heard from later, we are sure.

BERNARD MORGAN—Bernard is blessed with freckles and blushes. We say "blessed" because in this day of masculine powder puffs and rouge sticks it is delightful to find a real boy. Bernard would have gotten better grades if he had the nerve to make the faculty realize how much he did know.



SCOTT MYGRANT—There will be copious tears shed when "Scotty" makes his departure. "Scotty's" blushes are like sunset on a snow bank, mostly sunset. We feel that he has been somewhat slighted and sadly neglected and that all of his power has not been brought by his high school career.

WINIFRED NIELANDER—Winifred moves along as slowly as if she were in the eighteenth century. We believe the old days of calm and leisure would be more fitting to her, anyway she is quite modest, but you ought to see that coquettish curl on the back of her neck. Winifred has never been known to get excited. We recommend a basketball game. She has a fine appreciation of nature's beauty.

FRANCES PIERCY—Frances is Ruth Moon's tried and trusted chum. She is all that a high school girl should be and is always on the "inside" of any

stunts that the seniors arrange. Although she is a regular patron of the "dope" fountain, she is nevertheless famous for her "to go or not to go" which Shakespeare himself would envy.

ETHEL PHELPS—Ethel is one of our best examples of blonde beauty. She has the most languishing blue eyes and is somewhat of a heart-breaker. Her main fault is that she chews gum and has a big brother. She is getting out of high school in three and one-half years to avoid German.

ZUMA PROSS—Zuma's middle name is Activity. She is always on the go. Although she possesses an East African name, she asserted that she is an American, and she surely is. Zuma is not at all "swelled up" on account of being Mr. Haworth's typewriter girl and speaks to all of us just the same. She loves to write chemistry notebooks.



BUDA RAVENSCROFT—Buda has the most romantic name in school. It might belong to a lady shut up in a castle of England or something like that. Buda is very calm and is almost as dignified in the guise of a lamb. She looks mild enough, as Miss Henby. She is a loyal attendant of all class meetings. Her hobby is writing letters (?).

IRENE RAYER—Here is "the girl that makes things go in the senior class." No matter what any one wants to know, they go to "Renie." She is undoubtedly one of our best and brightest students and is the most obliging mortal we ever saw. Her hobbies are too multitudinous to be enumerated.

CLEA REAGAN—This justly-celebrated young actor-student, and cadet is another of our already famous class. Clea is known far and near for his good grades, good nature, and good looks. During the first semester he was remarkable for his

ability to do without sleep—or was he just "walking in his sleep?" He left the second semester, and we trust that he regained said lost sleep and will be his genial self again on June 2.

CALVIN REED—"Cal" is the tallest bunch of masculine flesh in the class, except "Preacher" Freedland. Calvin has hung on faithfully through thick and thin and will doubtless leave a sigh of regret when he has to leave in June. Cal's good looks are a source of envy and when he laughs he quite resembles one of the equine family.

FLORENCE REEDER—Here's another brilliant damsel who is making it in three and one-half years. Florence has the most light hair we ever glimpsed, and if one may judge by the present mode of structure, she will blossom into a hairdresser. She can sing and play, and was one of the famous "Windmill" girls.



GEORGE ROSENHEIMER—"Lepidus" is a small personage, but a strong and mighty member of the senior class. George has distinguished himself in Latin and German and other light subjects. He is a little shy, but he has a spirit of energy and independence which assures for him a successful future.

ALICE ROSENTHAL—Alice's musical name is Allegretto, because she can romp all over the piano without taking her feet off the floor. She is our most accomplished pianist and will some day be a prima donna, we are sure. She and Arline Charles when together look like the "Dark and the Fair Princess."

OLENA ROSS—Olena always reminded us a little of Maud Muller. There is an air of rustic charm about her. She learned early in life to preserve a discreet silence when she did not know anything

about the topic discussed and the habit sticks. Olena is going to establish a home for indigent dogs and cats when she reaches a ripe age.

GEORGE SELLERS—George is so quiet and unassuming that most of us did not know he was a senior, but he is and his diploma will be as big as anybody's. His sometimes downcast expression is due to the fact that he sits in Room 212. George is an advocate of the theory that hard work discourages love affairs.

WILLIAM SHIMBER—"Bill" is one of the state-renowned basketball quintet of which we are so proud. Some girls think it is a pity that Bill has not bestowed more languishing glances from those "pretty big" eyes, but he knows if he started that, he'd be too popular, by far. He is one of our best specimens of manhood and we predict a bright future.



LELA SHROCK—Here is a little girl that reminds us of Germany itself. She is short and plump and bright. It's needless to say that she always recites well in German and ever takes delight in preparing the lesson. She is a firm believer in women's votes.

GLADYS SPRAKER—Gladys is a very quiet and dignified young lady, one who is to be seen and not heard. She is one of Miss Martz's able senior students. Although you would hardly know she is around, yet when there is anything to be done Gladys is right there "with the goods," and ever will be.

HELEN SPANGLER—Helen is a senior and a graduate, even if she didn't get her name in the paper with the senior list. Helen has a pair of dreamy eyes and a musical temperament. In grad-

nating, she will joyfully dedicate her German books to the creek and her place in the music room to some freshman.

THELMA STANSBURY—If Thelma were a blond she would admirably illustrate the "Fringed Gentian," with its blue eye, etc. Thelma as she is looks more like a doll than any one whom we've seen lately. She is estent when she smiles, which happens at quite frequent intervals. And her curls are natural, too.

MECA TATE—Without doubt, Meca is one of our most versatile girls. She can paint, play and sing quite well and is a humdinger on the social line, too. Although she is a little over-proud of her ancestors, yet she gets by with it, and, considering that every generation gets worse, her ancestors must have been "some" people. Meca is the ring-leader of the "South Side" bunch.



MABEL THATCHER—Our little society editor is as dainty a personage as we have seen lately. Everybody knows how fond she is of a certain smiling lady of the faculty, and who can blame her? Mabel can dance like a seraph, but she's not very keen for athletics. She will likely be a traveling suffragette or maybe assist in a kindergarten school.

MARY THOMAS—"Mary C." is the most vociferous member of this magnificent class. What she thinks she says, if she wants to, without fear of any one. She was never known to miss a basketball game or a class meeting. In the latter she sits on the front seat or sometimes stands on it, and pounds with her umbrella for order. Mary's all right, but there's one thing sure, she wasn't designed for a hermitess.

ELLIOTT TREES—

"Of all the trees in all the woods
Elliott's always there with the goods."

If wideness between the eyes is any test Elliott has a model 8 brain. We trust that he is an upright chap, even if he did try to swipe a second dish of ice cream at the Senior Spread. Elliott likes to have things explained thoroughly; ask Miss Roberts or some one in his English class.

ETHELYN TUCKER—Ethelyn is a rosy-cheeked rural maid. She is well used to the ways of city and country alike and it is rumored that she eats with one hand and gathers egg-plants with the other. She claims that she is no relation to little Tommy Tucker. Despite the fact that Ethelyn writes poetry, she is well liked.

RUTH TURLEY—All honors for height do not go to our male members. Ruth Delight holds honors for the gentler sex. Her chief adornment is her natural curls. She is a regular attendant at class meetings. Her clear, well developed voice is easily heard. Her many sterling qualities justify our belief in her successes in the future.



SAM VAN SICKLE—At first we thought that we'd ditto John's biography for Sam, but on second thought we decided to write him up separately, to let the world know that we can tell them apart. Sam is a little larger and a trifle shyer than John. He is a Chemistry fiend, and dearly loves English grammar.

JOHN VAN SICKLE—Here is the other one of the famous "Van Sickle" twins. Although you would not believe it, John has a "layde of his herte," for he follows her around as Boswell did Johnson. He has little to say, but that is unusually O. K. We know John won't blush when we say

"Of all our parts the eyes express
The sweetest kind of bashfulness!"

EDNA VORE—"Vore" is a real-for-sure shark. She has gracefully gotten out of more scraps than we can count on our fingers. Edna "stands in" good

with the faculty—just ask any of them. She looks most natural when she is chewing gum and surrounded by a throng of girls.

ELIZABETH VEACH—Elizabeth has been trying faithfully to learn to make her own clothes. We have often seen her sewing away on some concoction with a book propped up before her. She did this to create the impression that she was studious. Elizabeth set the II Hour Civics class on fire by her debate on the New Proposed Constitution.

LELA WALKER—Lela is one of a certain noted group of light-haired girls who congregate about various corners in the hall and keep one eye upon the teacher on guard. If the hairs of our heads are all numbered, Lela's number must be half-a-mile long. She is a basket ball enthusiast, and delights especially in recreation.



GENEVIEVE WANSBOROUGH—Most of us did not know Genevieve was in our midst until the day of the Senior Class play try-out. Since then she is remembered as the "girl who spoke that piece about the woman in the drug store." Genevieve is a brunette and as pretty as she is small.

FAY WARE—Fay is a small Miss, but she sails around the halls with a good deal of importance. It must make a person feel important to take 6 or 7 subjects and not flunk. Fay's chief diet is music. She has not only warbled in choirs and labored in theory, but has completed a course in canned tunes. We are looking forward to her taking advantage of Leap Year.

CARL WEAVER—It is a source of endless wonder how Carl got credits enough to graduate. Cheer up, Freshmen, Carl did it, you can! He really

possesses the ability if he were only wise enough to display it. To see Carl going down the hall one is reminded strongly of Irving's "Immortal wielder of the birch and rule."

MARY WEBB (The seventh Mary in the Senior list.)—Mary is tall, blonde, willowy. She has as sweet a disposition as you will find anywhere. Any hour of the day she can be seen bending industriously over her typewriter or studying like sixty in the assembly.

VERL WILEY—Verl looks like he had forgotten to go to bed the night before. He must have been born tired. We have never detected any unusually energetic indications about him, although he sometimes recites in German, if he "understands the lesson." But there's one thing he can do, and that is play basket ball.

Class of nineteen sixteen

THE SARGASSO

JUNIORS 1917

The History of the 1917 Class

The junior class have as their motto "XL" and for three years they have faithfully lived up to it in class as well as in athletics and society. Coupled with this desire for "X Lense" they have always had an insatiable longing for class individuality.

This cropped out early in their freshman year. Their class officers for that year were: Emerson ("Red") O. Butler, president; Ruth Coughlan, vice president, and Albert ("Boots") O. Shufelt, treasurer. It was decided to make a first bow to society at the home of Edith Haynes, under the chaperonage of Miss Thornton. The upper-classmen considering "freshies" incapable of running this affair took complete charge of the house. Nor did they forget the cellar where cider, oranges and canned fruit reigned supreme. This one bitter experience cut the aforesaid "freshies" eye-tooth and (thanks to the upper-classmen) they have run their own affairs ever since.

Individuality was the keynote of the sophomore year, all parties being exclusive 1917 affairs. There were many of these and the old Tabernacle rang with sophomore jollity. But they did not forget their class work. They bravely conquered history, Caesar and the novels, coming forth with flying colors and a long string of E's.

Class 4B

Beatrice Anderson, Don Arbuckle, Carson Delon, Sydney Golightly, Ralph Hansell, Sybilla Hunt.

Class 3A

Fred Albright, Luther Albright, Ned Albright, Helen Avery, Jean Barkalow, Guy Barngrover, Wilber Beechy, Fred Bell, Neva Bourne,

The class officers for the sophomore year were: Ruth Price, president; Frances Dixon, vice president, and Bessie Rains, treasurer. Miss Dye was chaperon for both the sophomore and the junior years.

If individuality characterized the sophomore year surely originality can be applied to us (if I may be pardoned for changing from the third to the first person). As juniors Mr. Hinshaw did on February 11, with the grand, gorgeous, entertaining Junior turned over the social baptism of the gymnasium to us; this we Gym Jam. On account of limited space the credit which it deserves can not be set down here.

Once again the juniors will appear in society at which time they will bid adieu to their senior brothers and sisters at the junior-senior reception. At this writing these mysteries are yet unrevealed, but it can safely be said that it will not fall below the "XL" standard of the junior class.

This year closes with our expectations of senior bliss upon tip-toe, for, though sorry to say goodby to our happy junior year, we are eager to taste of senior glory. Let us all hope for the best.

Robert Bowman, Edith Brown, Mary Burns, Emerson Butler, Mary Campbell, Roy Cannon, Glen Carrothers, Frank Clark, Eugene Conner, Imo Corfman, Ruth Coughlan, Ruth Covington, Esther Daugherty, Fred Davis, Marie Davenport, Harold Deal, Frances Dixon, Noravene Dixon, Glen Doty, Warren Fagne, Frieda Faulkner, Lulu Frazier, Noel Frazier, Paul Freeman, Lillian Geddes, Beth Gentry, Cassius Gifford, Gladys Goyer, Denser Greeson, Kenneth Grimes, Julia Hayes, Walter Huffman, Ross Ingles, Ruby Johnson, Bernice Jones, Irene Kelley, Julia Kemp, Leslie Kidder, Meredith Kirtley, Chester Land, Arline Lane.



Lena Lovejoy, Gilbert Mays, Dave Meade, Chester McDaniels, Lucile Menig, Esther Myers, Mary Milet, Harold Moore, Wilfred Moore, Edna Morris, Elsie Mullen, Esther Park, Blanche Parker, Perle Parvis, Leroy Phelps, Dora Pohlman, Ruth Price, Ned Pinterbaugh, Bessie Rains, Louise Rapp, Leona Redmon, Alton Rees, Cecil Rhodes, Teresa Ryan, Doris Saul, Mazie Seaver, Mary Sexton, Eva Schadday, Ethel Shelley, Cecil Sheppard, George Simmons,

Horace Smission, Edna Smith, Isabelle Smith, Audrey Somers, Ruth Spechiene, Glen Stewart, Geoffrey Stillwell, Esther Sumption, Louise Swigart, Ruth Tarkington, May Tate, William Terhune, Alma Thompson, William Trayers, Dorothy Vorhees, Florence Ward, Floyd Weddell, Carroll Weidemann, Isabelle Wilson, Edna Windoffer, Glen Wise, Lois Yager.

Class 3B

Helen Adrian, Earl Alexander, Ed Anderson, Roy Aikman, Edith Beaman, Audrey Behymer, Helen Blackford, Hazel Burrows, William Callis, Clyde Campbell, Earl Clifford, Sidney Colescott, Ruth Cregar, Eugene Clup, Don Dawson, Gladys Davidson, Myron Ferriday, Russell Flora, Reva George, Clara Golliner, William Golliner, George Hobson.

Veril Hollingsworth, Frances Houser, Florence Johnson, Gertrude Johnson, Dorris Jordan, Emmett Maher, Hazel McCarter, Mary McKorkle, Gladys Moore, Julia Morrison, Dalene Nevergall, Anna Nielander, Lynn Rapp, Melba Rosenthal, Marie Small, Charles Smith, Miriam Sprague, Earl Taylor, Dewey Thatcher, Gladys Tolle, Glen Vore, Mary Edith Weigel, Raymond Ziegler.

Class of nineteen sixteen

© SARGASSO





Class of nineteen sixteen

Ch^o SARGASSO

SOPHMORES 1918

History of the Class of "18"

Ours, the class of '18, entered high school midyear in 1913. There were quite a number of us, and for this reason, as freshies, we were treated as most freshies are, which proves that there is more to a senior than his learned appearing countenance. They worked us for all we were worth and the mere fact that we outnumbered them didn't help us a bit. We were freshmen until we became sophomores. And we were never permitted to talk above a whisper until we achieved the state of a sophomore. Then the seniors told us we might breathe, and we have been breathing ever since.

Ours is the most intelligent class, so we think, that has ever entered K. H. S. The only reason the teachers don't tell us so to our faces, is the fear of making us vain. Our class record has been such an exceptional one that last year Mr. Maple gave us a little talk commenting on it.

The class of '18 has been called the noisiest class that ever entered high school. But what of that? An exceptional record

will not balance alone. It is too rich. We found that a little noise was just the article to make the scales tip equally. Thus our noisy record.

It takes nerve to be noisy and as philosophers say that it takes nerve to reach your goal successfully in the world, we may well be proud of this quality.

And did you ever stop to think why our basketball team has won every game at home this season? Accuracy and practice are only half the cause. It is simply because our class with its noise cheered them on to victory. And the girls' yell-leader is also from our class.

As to sociables and good times, we have had several and they were all thoroughly enjoyed.

With this well-earned past we look forward to a bright and happy future.

Class 2A

Geraldine Armstrong, Floyd Ashley, Anna Baker, Clarice Beidler, William Blue, Ermel Branstetter, Cordoya Brayles, Juanita Brunenmiller, Ione Butler, Grace Campbell, Fred Cannon, Quincy Carney, Macey Carrothers, Vernon Carr, Madge Clark, Helen Colby, Ruby Conner, Glen Conway, Marceda Covalt, Sharlot Critchlow, Moreus Deardorff, Pearl Duke, Pearl Dunn, Cecil Echelbarger, Lawrence Elsener, Thelma Fancett, Frank Fenn, Robert Finch, Virginia Fricke, Frances Garrison, Myrtle Gerhart, Hilda Golightly, Alvin Greeson, Holland Greene, Pauline Hale, Mabel Heflin, Robert Hicks, Lois Hollingsworth, Hilda Hollopeter, Walter Huffman, Freida Hutner, Pearl Hutson, Don Jenkins, Hansel Jones.

Ella Taylor, Agnes Keating, Paul Keating, Florence Kelley, Helen Kidder, Leona Kuntz, Robert Kuntz, Glenn Lantz, George Machin, Olive Marshal, Ursel McCoy, Harry McNutt, John McKee, Richard Moon, Raymond Moore, Noble Morgan, June Morris, Fred Myers, Harry Plummer, Inez Prichard, Goldie Rehbeck, Robert Rockwell, Opal Royer, Esther Schnewind, Ford Sterling, Lee Seaver, John Seyfer, Lorraine Schrock, Charles Smith, Earnest Smith, Catherine Stedman, Josephine Tague, Raymond Taylor, Delbert Thompson, Guy Toops, Robert Trees, Arian Tudor, Virginia Tyner, Joe Van Sickle, Joe VonCannon, Martha Weger, William Willer, Homer Wiltsie, Verna Workman, Ida May Wigant, Floyd Young.

Class of nineteen sixteen

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Class 2B

Elvera Athy, Victor Broo, Elsie Carroll, Arline Cook, Duncan Cremer, Florence Critchlow, Walter Davis, Helen Findley, Helen George, Roy Herbert, Elsie Hollerman, Genevieve Jackson, James Johnson, Leon Johnson, Louise Jones, Wilma Julow, Mary Kiefer, Bernice Kirkman, Charlotte Lane, Frances Lynch, Arminta Main, Harry McNutt, Bertha Morgan.

Gladys Mosier, Raymond Mygrant, Robert Neuman, Waldo Nenman, Camille Nilander, Mako Oakes, Margaret Puterbaugh, Edna Reider, Gay Short, Olive Siegfried, Christine Simmons, George Simmons, William Smission, Judith Sollenberger, Robert Snow, Frances Somers, Mildred Tiplady, Paul Turley, Howard Ulmar, Agnes Vrooman, Gladys Watkins, Oliver Wiggins, Mary Wilhelm, Audria Wise, Mary Wolfe, Lena Zell, Thelma Zerby.

Class of nineteen sixteen

Co SARGASSO





FRESHMEN 1919

IA Class History

The freshman class began the high school course September 13, 1915. We have the notable distinction of being the first 1B class to enter the new building. Our brilliant questions the first day were answered by the amazed teachers, seconded by the efficient sophomores who found them numerous and often very difficult.

A week after the opening of school the first class meeting was held, when we elected Mary Vore, president; Victor Davis, vice president; Harry Kendall, secretary, and Earl Todd, treasurer. Our class colors are blue and old gold. Our only social was held at the home of Joy Lockwood, on East Walnut Street. It was

Dorothy Ayres, Arion Aleorn, Ossie Aldridge, Dorothy Armstrong, Roberta Athy, Mae Bair, Clyde Baisinger, Helen Bateman, Garrett Black, Flora Bell, Mazie Bell, Kathryn Bowman, Janice Brown, Wilber Brown, Zethel Brown, Russell Burgess, Edna Butcher, Ted Butler, Foster Carles, John Chestnut, Garrell Cole, Ruby Conover, George Crab, Doris Craun, Orville Criss, Netta Curless, Harley Dain, Mary Danner, Hazel Darrough, Margarette Dearing, Scott Doles, Laverna Delo, Grace DeMars, Edna Dickey, Cloyd Dwiggins, Harold Edgell, Bell Elson, Ella Fenn, Helen Feist, Esther Finch, Fay Flora, Nora Fowell, George Frazer, Earl Garris, Ardith Garner, Mildred Groerer, Delpha Gerhart, Margaret Greenson, Miriam Hamilton, Earl Harrison, Ross Haven, Virgil Havens, Rebecca Haynes, Paul Hickman, Edna Hohson, Michael Hollahan, Hazel Holt, Thelma Horn, Shirley Huffman, Roland Hunter, Mabel Huston, Author Jackson, Guy Jester, Fern Kendall, Russell Kendall, Harry Kendall, Frank Kile, Audrey Kratzer, Bernice Langston, Helen Laughlan, Joy Lockwood, Marie McConnell, Arline McCoy, John McDowell, Raymond McGowan.

very well attended, and was regarded as a complete success. We had hoped for many more such occasions, but immediately following it was the sad fate of the class to be deprived of all their rights. Yet we're still looking for more fun.

We greatly feared that our advisor, Miss Ruth Miller, was enamored of a dignified senior, and when seen with him at one of the season's most sensational basketball games, she became the victim of much cheering in which the freshmen did their part.

It is our hope and desire to leave the ranks of the freshmen, and enter upon the exalted sophomoredom.

MILDRED PARR, '19.

IA Class

Ebbie McIntuif, Ovid Medley, Clifford Miller, Ralph Miller, Russell Mills, William Milton, Lorene Moore, Paul Mosier, Lee Murray, Beulah Norton, Milliard Oakes, Victor Oyler, Mildred Parr, Edith Parson, Kenneth Parson, Helen Pearcey, James Pearcey, Ralph Pearcey, Lyla Pettiford, Edd Phipps, Ferne Phillips, Mabel Phelps, Elmer Polk, Dwight Priest, Donald Prebble, Alta Ravenscroft, Vera Pickering, Nellie Reynolds, Hazel Robertson, Benn Robinson, Ora Rody, Elsie Ross, Leonard Sanders, Cloyd Schleiger, Mildred Seaward, Dennis Sharp, Donald Shank, Charles Siegfried, Ira Smith, Margaret Smith, Esther Spraker, Lucy Stahl, Lorena Stiffler, Edria Strafford, Elsbeth Sutherland, Earl Todd, Robert Todd, Mabel Toddhunter, Floyd Toors, Albie Tredwell, Max Ulrich, Ruth Underwood, Mary Vore, Margaret Wallace, Leslie Walker, Fred Walker, Margaret Ward, Ruth Weathers, Cassie Watkins, Frieda Weaver, Carl Webster, James Weed, Norris Weiser, Lewis Wiles, Mary Wilhelm, Floyd Wilson, Harrold Winburn, Conrad Wolfe, Sara Yager, Russel Young, Walter Zehring, Charlotte Zintermeister.



1B Class

Glenwood Arnold, Wanita Barngrover, Geneva Battie, Sydney Beechy, Leonard Bouer, Carmen Boyer, Robert Briney, Virginia Chancellor, Jessamine Clark, Frieda Cotterman, William Coughlan, Gereld Cue, Byron Dewees, Grace Helen Kemp, Longford Felske, Mary Flora, John Fricke, Thelma Fridlin, Dortha Gifford, Walter Hamelton, Geneva Harbaugh, Emmett Harmon, Eva Hartzell, Jeness Hatton, Fern Hawkins, Justus Hunter, Pauline Hunter, Lawrence Jones.

Gladys Kimbel, Georgia Kyzar, Nina Long, Russel Lower, Harry Marshal, Neil Marshal, Glen McClelland, Gladys Milet, Eugene Parker, Clara Parvis, Richard Patten, Mary Lucile Piercy, Raymond Powell, Velma Revis, Beatrice Reed, Grace Reynolds, Ada Roach, Frances Shade, Wilma Shields, May Short, Flemming Smith, Hazel Snyder, Mary Snyder, Jesse Springer, Ruth Spurgeon, Beryl Stewart, Essie Turner, Norma Weaver, Gertrude Wilson, Arthur Young.

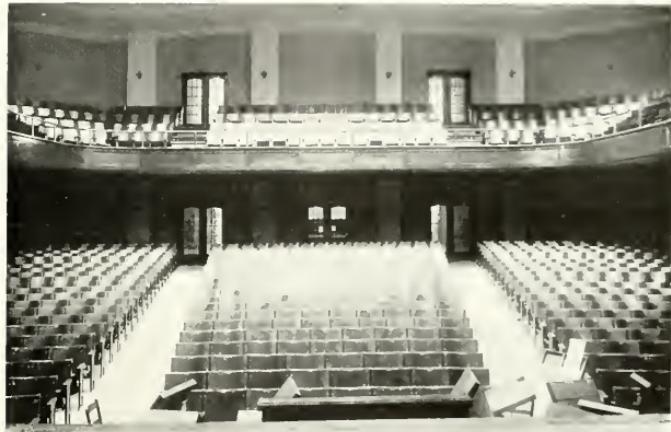




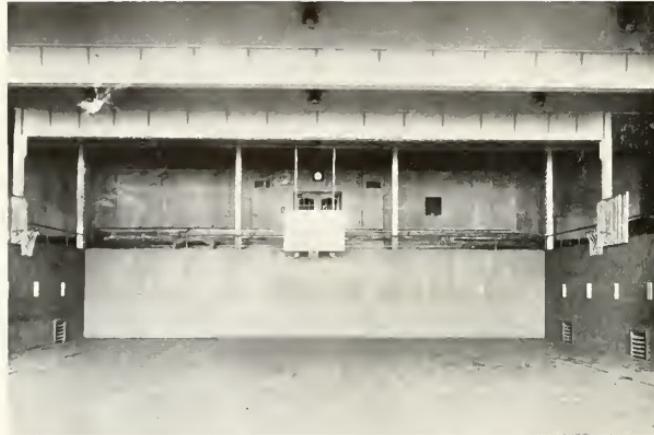
THE NEW BUILDING

Class of nineteen sixteen

The SARGASSO



THE AUDITORIUM



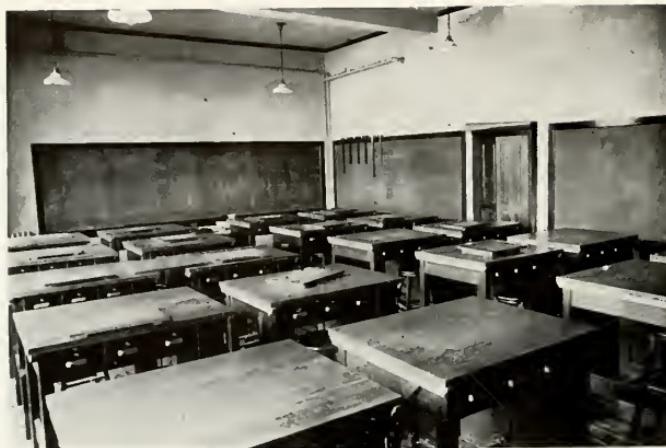
THE GYMNASIUM



THE FAN ROOM



THE DOMESTIC SCIENCE LABORATORY



MECHANICAL DRAWING



MANUAL TRAINING



BOTANY LABORATORY



PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE



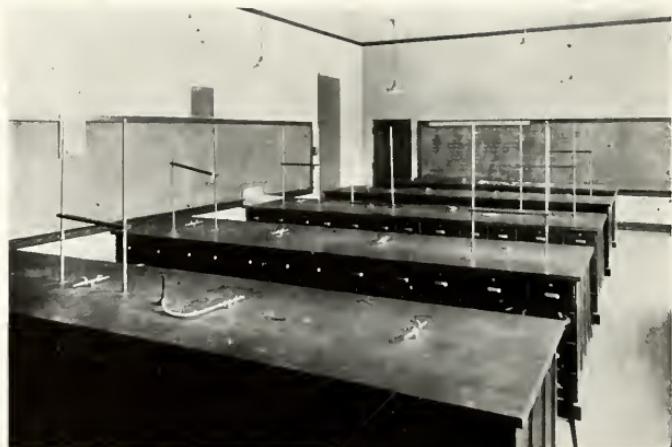
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SESSION ROOM



CHEMISTRY LABORATORY



PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

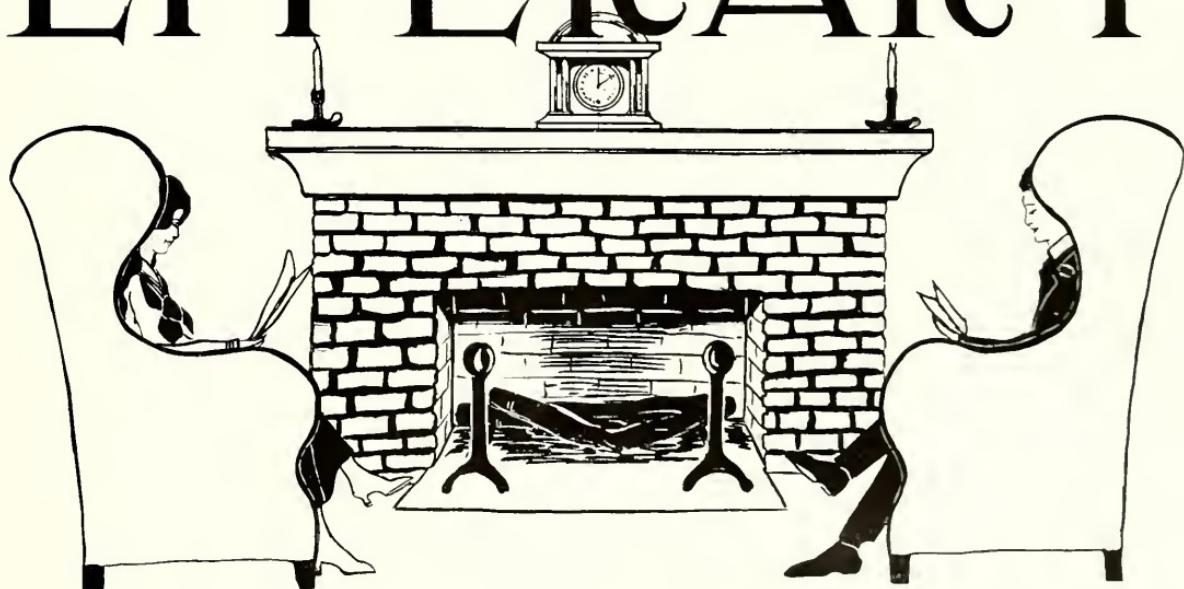


COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT



DEMONSTRATION ROOM

LITERARY



What became of the Misogynist?

By E. E. SCHNEWIND.

Fate had surely dealt Frederick Daum a stinging blow. And to strike a man when he had no recourse, no alternative but to accept the calamity was the vulnerable prick that caused Frederick to suffer so intensely.

That's the way with Fate. She looks just and honest all right, all right, but I tell you she is a sneak, and in this case a real contemptible, supercilious one at that. But what's the use calling her names, she smiles, or frowns at you exactly as she pleases. Today she flings glass and nails under your automobile—tomorrow she strews your path with roses—and we poor mortals gather the rose leaves to make beads, and forget about the nails. That is, some of us do, those who have tasted of the philosophy. I wonder is Frederick Daum, the misogynist, had nibbled off a wee bit of this practical wisdom, or did he forfeit that privilege because of his misogynistic tendencies?

I can't figure it out. This is his story.

On April 15, 1915, when the war between the Germans and the allies was at its height, Kaiser William curled his mustache a little more to the north (according to the map), and called loudly for "more men." Every available man in the village of Kitz heard the call and marched resolutely to the front. There was not a male citizen over fifteen years of age left in the town except Frederick Daum, the misogynist.

Frederick was convalescing from a severe attack of typhoid fever, and was still too weak to join his company. Not to be able

to serve his Fatherland was a dreadful calamity in itself, but to be left behind under petticoat government was unbearable. He leaned wearily back in his invalid chair and closed his eyes muttering to himself, "Petticoats to the right of him, petticoats to the left of him, petticoats all about him." He shuddered.

Not until Frederick had gained enough strength to lean heavily upon his cane and stroll out of doors, did he fully realize the awkwardness of his situation—a misogynist, and the only man among several hundred women. He shook his fist at fate, but as he looked up he was shaking it in the face of an old woman. He walked slowly on. Children were playing in the streets, large girls predominating, Amazon-like, they were masters of the situation. Stores, factories, and street cars were governed by feminine hands.

When Frederick reached the country road, he breathed a sigh of relief. As he sat down to rest he murmured to himself:

"Erasmus is right when he says, 'God himself is a man. He had one son, but no daughters. The cherubim are boys. All the angels are masculine, and so far as Holy Writ informs us, there are no women in heaven.' This all proves"—.

A low, melodious sound checked his soliloquy. Never had he heard so charming a voice; although raised in anger, it was bewitchingly sweet.

"Get up, I say! Won't you get up? You are the most stubborn man I know."

Frederick looked in the direction from whence the voice came. He saw two golden braids reaching to the end of a white middy blouse, a short, blue skirt gracefully tucked up, showing a pair of slender ankles and dainty Cinderella-like feet. These dainty feet were kicking a mule harnessed to a plow. When she looked up Frederick recognized in the pretty face, Gretchen Stamm, the only daughter of Franz Stamm.

The mule received the kicks and buffs stoically, and at last peacefully stretched himself on the ground. In a moment Gretchen was on his back, jumping up and down on his tough hide calling excitedly:

"Get up, get up, I say!"

Frederick laughed aloud in spite of himself. Involuntarily he walked toward her.

"May be I can help you," he suggested. The dark handsome man was bowing before Gretchen.

"Why—you—are the misogynist!" exclaimed Gretchen. Then half afraid that she had offended she put her hand over her mouth.

"That's what they call me." He had been rather proud of being a misogynist, but somehow the word sounded hard from her lips.

"Father and the boys are in the fight, so mother and I are working the farm, but this mule refuses to help."

Forgetting his tired limbs and the doctor's caution not to exert himself, Frederick with the aid of the heavy stick soon brought the mule to his feet. In a few minutes he was docilely making the round of the field, Frederick and Gretchen trotting behind.

When it was nearly dark, Gretchen's mother came out with two bowls of milk and a plate of rye bread. Frederick admitted to himself as he walked home that of all the wonderful "stag" dinners he had enjoyed none could compare to this simple repast of milk and bread.

Frederick found his way back to the farm day after day. He was determined each night that this day would be the last. But when morning came he walked on the path that led to the farm. Something called him. He said: "It was the call of the mule." (It could not be managed without him.) But deep in his heart he knew that it was the call of a pair of blue eyes.

The field had been plowed and planted, and there was no longer any reason to go to the farm. He would return once more, say goodby to Gretchen and then join the army.

Gretchen sawing him coming and made room for him beside her on the bench. She had him hold the yarn she was unwinding, for with German thrift and frugality, she could not be idle, neither must he.

"Do you know," began Gretchen, eyeing him timidly, "you are different from what I expected you to be."

"Then you had formed an opinion of me before you knew me?"

"Well, every one knows you as the 'misogynist,' and we girls"—she broke off blushing and confused.

"Go on! Don't mind me—you girls hated me?"

"No, but we liked to shock you."

"Did you ever find it worth while?"

"I did—once."

"Once? When was that?"

"When I called the mule 'man'!"

"Then you saw me all the time?"

"I watched you coming down the road, and when you began talking to yourself and frowning, I knew you were thinking of women."

"But you seemed surprised when you saw 'the misogynist'!"

"I was surprised when the 'shock' proved to be a 'trap.' I expected you to run away instead."

"Instead, I walked into the trap?"

"Yes." Gretchen hung her head ashamed of her confession.

"Well, little Gretchen, the trap snapped and still holds me fast, but you must release me now. My country calls me and I must go."

"Please don't go. There are so many gone already, surely you need not go." Tears filled her eyes.

"But I will return, Gretchen."

"You will never return." Tears were falling on her cheeks unheeded.

"Listen, my child. When the war is over and we boys come marching home victoriously, may the 'misogynist' claim you as his bride?"

"If you go," said Gretchen slowly, "you will never return. Something tells me the bullets, the bayonets, the dreadful fever are waiting for you. Please, don't go."

The last words ended in a convulsive sob. Frederick held her closer in his arms. Never before had he felt the greatness of a woman's love. He was visibly affected.

The shadows lengthened and still they did not move. The soft solemn peal of the vesper bell floated in the evening air. To Frederick's ear it sounded appealingly, inviting him to bring his bride to the altar. He was about to speak when the beating of drums and the blowing of files were heard in the distance. It sounded nearer and nearer, until the martial music was strongly intermingled with the sacred chimes. Frederick sprang up. They were both calling him—the sacred and the martial. Now the drums were drowning the music of the Vesper call—now the soft moan of the church bell sounded above the drum and fife. He strained his ears to catch the predominating note which would decide his fate.

But as I told you in the first place, you never can tell what fate will do. Today she throws nails and glass under your automobile, tomorrow she strews your path with flowers.



"A Week of Letters"

At Home—Sunday Evening.

Dear Betty—Oh! I'm so lonesome tonight! Notice especially its Sunday evening. Isn't it a wonder of all wonders? Of course, I'll tell you about it. That is precisely why I'm taking my valuable (?) time to write to you.

I suppose Jimmie has told you by this time how badly we beat you (the score was 27-34). Perhaps he is telling you this very minute how mean we are. But we're not! Don't you believe it. I've only been here six months, but I think, I know, Kokomo beats Anderson all to smash. I confess Anderson boys did play swell but not to be compared with ours. Phil said,—but I'm not going to tell you what he said. He was mad and I was mad and I 'spose he said it for spite and I don't care I'm mad still.

You demand the cause, fair lady? (Scott's style.) Then I shall tell you. Last night after the game Don and I were talking and of course we were glad to see one another, considering that we hadn't met since I left Anderson an'—incidentally—we were holding hands and swinging them just as girls do. (Don't tell Don I said girls), and don't be shocked, it was out of the crowd! Phil came up looking for me and when he saw our pose he instantly changed from a jolly basketball player to a frigid fence post. He gave Don to understand (by his manner) that he wasn't wanted and naturally Don took the hint and left. Then, on the way home Phil took his anger out on me. Honestly he di'nt give me a chance to get a word in edgeways and when he did stop,

I was so mad that I wouldn't tell him the truth. So, there we are. I'm mad and he's mad and I shall have to apologize to Don about the way Phil acted.

Well, angel child are you tired of my love affairs, scraps, etc.? Then, I'll not write you any more letters if I can't write what I please. Anyway I must stop. Caesar is howling to be read, but I shan't read him. Besides 'tis eleven o'clock. Later than I stay up when—

Yours lovingly,

Jo.

At School—Monday.

Dearest Betty Jane "Sally Ann"—This is the fifth period an' I haven't any of my lessons decently an' I'm sleepy. Oh, my! I guess I'll go to sleep this period. Wouldn't Mr. Alexander say something? I wonder if he'd shake me? Let's hope not. I'm going, going, go—! There's the bell. It woke me up. Now, I have to go to English. Goodby 'till then.

Jo.

Seventh period.

Oh, Betty, Miss Andrews has assigned us a short story in English to be due in two weeks. Wasn't that horrid? I haven't the faintest idea what to write about.

Fudge! I just dropped some ink on my best Sunday-go-to-meetin' dress. Whatever do you suppose mother will say? You

don't know? Well, I do. She'll say, "Josephine Morrison is that all you had to do?" Imagine mother saying that. She's entirely too nice a mother.

Say, I forgot (or didn't intend to rather) send my letter yesterday so I'll send it with this one and please read them as to dates. Not the sweet kind, but just ordinary Sunday and Monday. I must quit and study Caesar. Miss Drake would never forgive me if she knew how often I came to class, minus a lesson.

Yours as ever,

Jo.

P. S.—This is the bluest Monday I've had for ages. I haven't had any lessons to speak of and I got a calling in geometry for writing an "innocent little note."

J. M.
—

Home Again—Tuesday.

Cara Bettina—Mother and I went to a recital tonight at Miss Armstrong's, and by the way, I forgot to tell you I played. Yes I did. I played "To a Wild Rose," by McDowell, and Moszkowski's "Serenata." Although it wasn't my first recital I was scared stiff. My dress was blue chiffon taffeta. Exactly the same one I wore last fall.

Nothing exciting happened at school today except Miss Hale informed us that we'd have a geometry test tomorrow. Sad but true. I suppose I should study, but it isn't likely I shall at this time of night. I must go to bed. Good night,

Jo.

P. S.—Phil hasn't come within a mile of me if he could help himself and I don't care, I've done likewise.

At School—Wednesday.

Dear Betty—Oh dear, I'm hot. I ran almost all the way to school this morning. I thought sure I'd be late and I had fully three minutes when I got to my locker. Maybe you think that's not much, but it's enough when you think you're going to be late. There goes the class bell now. The first period is on its way. About three minutes distant, but since I have assembly this period it matters little.

Say, Betty, I wish you were here! We are going to have a class social Friday night out in the country. A bob-sled ride. Won't that be dandy? (I'm on the eats committee. Don't you pity the kids. We're going to have oyster stew.) I don't reckon I'll have a fellow to go with but, Great Caesar! can't you have any fun without one? I know I can. I also hope and pray that Phil won't go, 'cause if he does, I won't have a good time.

I am now going to study my geometry. Perhaps I'll add a line or so after its over informing you of its "hardness."

Yours in agony of suspense,

Jo.

Noon.

Yesterday in English I learned the most proper way to write a letter. Therefore (force of geometry habit) I shall write you one (?). Judge for yourself whether it is one.

415 E. Walnut St., Kokomo, Ind.
Jan. 25, 1916.

Miss Betty Simmons,
205 N. Avenue,
Anderson, Indiana.

Dear Miss—I am writing to inform you that our geometry test was quite easy and I think I passed with highest honors. At least if I didn't I should. Hoping to hear from you soon and wishing you the best of good health, I remain,

Your most humble friend,
JOSEPHINE MORRISON.

Upstairs—Thursday Evening.

Dear Betty Wiggles—Nothing has happened today and yet everything has. I've laughed hysterically from light this morning until nine this evening.

In the first place we had chapel this morning and the first period of course was gone, but according to new rule of affairs we skipped second hour class this time instead of first. (Next time third.) So I got out of history. Hoorah! We had a good talk this morning, a funny old Dutchman. Also the orchestra played so well I was scared.

When we got to geometry today, Miss Hale had our test papers finished and mine was returned with a great big E on it and "Congratulations" written across the top. I felt so crazy. That is the first time I ever got "E" on a test in geometry, and I guess Miss Hale was kidding me with her "Congratulations."

But that is the funniest yet. Miss Hale told a funny story in class today. You know she's ever so sweet out of class, but in class she insists on your paying strict attention to geometry, so today I almost fell over when she began to tell it. And I was so tickled. It was funny and since I surely have your curiosity aroused by this time, I'll tell you, too. She said she once had a class that was listless and lazy (she didn't say lazy, but the meaning was the same—then she went on to say) just as a few of us seemed to be. (Me, included, I suppose.) She asked for a definition of a common external tangent. One person said it was a tangent that did not cut the line of centers, which was quite right, as you know? She then asked what a common internal tangent was and one girl said, "Does." Oh! it was killing! We kids just laughed and laughed and I laughed some more. And don't you know she gave us a nice short lesson for tomorrow. Goody! Notice how my letters are peppered with exclamation marks, as July says.

But something else happened at which I almost fainted. I was walking home for dinner in a grand rush, and some one whistled the basketball boys whistle, and I turned around and there was Phil running. I merely turned back again and walked on. He called then and asked me to wait, actually asked me to wait, so I waited. When he caught up we walked along for a little bit without either of us saying anything. He was somewhat out of breath and I was determined to make him speak first. (That reminds me, Ariovistus said to Caesar, "If you want anything of me, you must come to me, and if I want anything of you, I will come to you.") Therefore since he had come, he might as well talk, and so I waited (patiently or impatiently—?). He began

abruptly, "Jo, do you think we can go back to our old friendship?" It struck me so decidedly at wrong angles (instead of right) and I laughed. At first he thought I was making fun of him and a little bit of fire flashed in his eyes and he remarked sarcastically, "If you think you can treat me just as you please and then have me on my knees begging forgiveness, you're mistaken. I thought you believed in giving a fellow square deals, but since you don't seem to why—it's all the same." And he started to walk off, mind you! I was so surprised, I had been only joking and the idea that he wouldn't understand never entered my head. So now there was nothing to do but apologize which I did. He 'fessed up that he had got mad over nothing and he was sorry and so on, etc. Of course, there was something to get mad over and I said so, but I would not tell him why I did it until tomorrow. He pretended he was not curious, but he is all right. Then he wanted to know whether we were going to the social or not. I said, "Well, I am going, I do not know about you." He thought for a minute I was going with some other fellow and then I laughed and it ended in a fight over the advisability of joking in a serious manner.

There is now peace in the country. How long it will last is hard to say. Well, me thinks it's bedtime.

Bona Nox,

Jo.

Home at Last—Friday, 12 p. m.

Dear Betty—I thought I'd never, never get home! They took us to the school building and there left us. We had to walk home

then and I was cold from riding. We went four or five miles out so somebody said. It seemed like ten to me. But, oh! the fun we had. Played cards, tricks and had a "weinnie" roast in the snow. It was swell! Two boat loads went. I never had a better time, I don't believe. Our host was perfect. He made us feel at home as soon as we arrived and continued to do so until we left. We didn't leave either until 10:30.

And, say don't you know I had Phil's curiosity aroused about Don? Well, I told him this evening that Don was my cousin and I thought I'd never escape alive! He was almost as angry as the night of the basketball game. (Nix.) He looked at me so funny and then laughed I was afraid he'd be so mad, but fortunately for me he has a sense of humor and immediately caught the point. But of course he pretended he thought it was awful, etc. And so we are on good terms, but doubtless we shall soon be into it again. I'm too sleepy now to write any more so I shall go to bed and drop you a line tomorrow.

Gute nacht,

Jo.

Dear Bet—J just thought I'd write you a nice long letter and invite you up for the Thorntown game which is next Saturday a week. Therefore you can come Saturday morning and stay until Sunday evening (longer if you like)—Get me? Please come. I have my plans made and shall only await you to complete them. I'm also asking Don to make Phil apologize to him instead of having to do it myself.

Au revoir,

J. B. 2A.

Leap Year Comedy

"Order!"

With that one word the dignified president of the Leap Year Association pounded on the table with her hammer. (It is well to mention that it was a very feminine looking affair that had been originally intended for a tack hammer.) The chattering roomful of girls soon quieted so that talking was audible.

"Fellow members," the president began, "our organization has existed for over a month and a half and not one proposal has been recorded, let alone engagements. The fact that there are ten of our number in high school yet, is no handicap; the five in college should be an honor to our company, while the rest of us twenty-five are ladies of leisure. I am quite confident that if our club exists for three more weeks without something being done, that it will not only cease to exist, but it will just die a very sudden death. Of course, I can not start the ball rolling on account of my oath on receiving office of presidency that—to give the rest of the girls a chance, my proposing had to rest until the last month of this year; if it were not for that handicap I might have proposed long ago. If you will take me out of that bond I will endeavor to help all I can."

From the back of the room a girl, in a low, clear voice spoke, "Miss President?"

"Miss Winton?" responded the president.

"I have thought out a plan," continued Catherine Winton, "which I would like to see given a trial. It is this: On forty-

second street the boys of our set have a bachelors' club; my proposition was to write a note to the club, inviting them to a tea which we could give."

The room was in confusion until for the second time the president applied the hammer to the table.

"I think it is a good idea if carried out right. What do you think of it? Stand if you are in favor," the president spoke. "Well, Catherine, every one stood so that must have been a good idea. But when should this come to pass?"

"Miss President?" said Grace Newcomb.

"Miss Newcomb?"

"I think this being Saturday the twenty-sixth of February, that the twenty-ninth would be very good. That would give us three days for preparation."

"All right," agreed the president. "I think we'll take a standing vote on that."

All stood but one.

"Well, Miss Averly, what are your objections?" asked the president.

"I've been thinking it over and I don't believe it entirely proper for us to carry out this plan without a chaperone."

"I see," returned the president. "Did you all get that? Has any one a solution for that difficulty?"

"I have," spoke up Bess Beacon, without regard to the usual ceremony. "My great aunt Ellen is visiting us from Kentucky.

She is stone deaf, and she thinks a lot of me, and would consider it an honor to be invited, so if you all want her, I'll fix it all right with her."

"Well," said the president. "I am inclined to believe that the better way, so if the secretary will please write that note to the Bachelor's Club, the meeting is dismissed."

Monday morning the mail brought to the Bachelor's Club a letter in a pink envelope, daintily perfumed. Many of the boys, who were clad in smoking jackets and some in robes, gathered around Ned Dureman who held the letter.

"Who could it be from?" one asked.

"Open it," came the command.

Calmly the holder opened it and read aloud:

Feb. 26, 1916.

L. Y. Association.

The Bachelors Club:

The L. Y. Association requests the presence of the Bachelor's Club at an afternoon tea at 4:30, being on Tuesday, February the twenty-ninth, p. m.

GIRLS OF THE L. Y. ASSOCIATION.

In the Club Rooms,

202½ W. Walnut St.

Kokomo, Ind.

R. S. V. P.

As he finished the room echoed with Oh's and Ah's.
"I move that we accept," spoke up William Calahan.
"Second the motion," said Audrey Malcolm.

One of their number went over to the writing desk, procured pen, ink, paper, envelope and stamp and then yelled out. "What shall I write?" At this exclamation the boys crowded around his chair. Bob Breamon perched upon the arm of the writer's chair and said, "You write while I dictate. Ready?"

"Yes," was the response.

"All right"—

Feb. 28, 1916.

Bachelor's Club.

L. Y. Association:

The Bachelor's Club accepts with pleasure the invitation to tea on Tuesday evening, the twenty-ninth of February.

THE BACHELOR'S CLUB.

This letter reached its destination on Tuesday morning. The committee of girls that were to take care of the tea party had everything in readiness at three-thirty, and by four all the girls had arrived. They came in groups and all admired the rooms, which were decorated in pale green crepe-paper and pink roses. Scattered about the three large rooms were small tea tables, each dainty in a white cover and each with a vase on it containing four roses, one for each of the four who were to sit at the table.

At four-thirty the boys came. After the confusion of laying away wraps, and informal introductions, they grouped in fours and were seated. While the maids were bringing in the tea, lively music was played on the victrola. When they commenced eating and chatting, the music was changed to grand opera and solos. Over an hour had elapsed, one of gayety, one hour of prolonged

enjoyment, some were talking earnestly, some joking, but all were merry—all but one; 'twas Bess' great aunt Ellen. She watched the proceedings in wide amazement. This is what she saw, about twenty-five minutes till six. In one corner, her niece, another girl and two boys at a table; John Wainwright was with her niece and just as she looked again—he—kissed—her! Of all things. With an exclamation of horror, the old lady arose from her chair and hurried, as fast as she could, to the afore-mentioned corner. With all the force she could command she shook the lad, and finally said: "Well! You nor no other young snippet-snapper can kiss my niece unless he's engaged to her, which you—

"Am," John finished the sentence for her.

"Well, of all things, that's the beatenest," said Aunt Ellen, and her mouth opened wider and her eyes shone brighter.

As six o'clock approached the laughing, talking and merry-making crowd started to get ready to go. The girls asked to take

the boys home, but the boys had to be teased before they would consent, although it was only two blocks and very early.

The girls all returned to their clubrooms after accompanying their friends home and they seated themselves for a meeting. There was much talking so the president picked up a spoon and rapped the table vigorously.

"Order!" accompanied the noise. Order prevailed.

"I have the honor of announcing three engagements, eight proposals, seven dates for the near future and seven neutrals," said the president. "Has any one else anything to say?"

A slight girl in pale blue arose from her seat and started for the door, but she turned long enough to say—

"Well, I proposed, all right, to Andrey Malcolm, but he said he hal al—already pro—promised th—the Pres—sident."



Readit ifu Wanto

Josephus Percival Green, as awkward and verdant as his name, came to the office of Mr. Hinshaw and desired to enroll in our thriving high school. He was a junior, one of the kind that thinks they know as much as any senior.

One day, at the seventh period, instead of being in his English class he found himself wandering down the hall. He was not at all disturbed by the fact that the bell rang. In fact he smiled at the thought of "cutting class." He did not see the especial need of going to school anyway. As he passed room after room, he saw no occupants; this he found to be true of the first floor and the second. Wondering somewhat, he ascended the steps to the third floor. Here absolute silence reigned—Josephus decided to investigate and this is where the story begins.

He was just then in front of Room 300. Hearing a slight noise that seemed to proceed from the next room, he opened the door and looked into Room 301. The room was quite empty, yet he still heard some one talking. At last he noticed that it was the typewriters; all were speaking softly, but in different keys. Amazed by the sound, and frightened more than he would have admitted, he hastily retreated.

Just across the hall, he saw all the large record books used in bookkeeping walking around on slim little legs. Josephus was now ready for anything to happen, and he boldly approached a book.

"I—I—never noticed you had legs to you, before," he stammered. His voice rang and echoed in the quiet hall. The book looked up at him knowingly.

"O, no, to be sure, you've never seen them before," it replied. "Whenever we feel the need of exercise, we take a couple of figure 1's from the accounts and use them for legs. Sometimes we forget to put them back, and the pupils wonder where and why the books are short."

By this time our friend's attention had been attracted by some shadowy figures in Room 303. Softly he entered. Having seen pictures of famous Romans in books, he recognized the characters he saw. He could understand a little of their conversation, as he had studied Latin. Vergil and Caesar over by the window were discussing whether the majority of pupils preferred Caesar or Vergil. In one corner of the room, Orgetorix was excitedly telling a group of Romans that he had not killed himself after all, and intended to fight a duel with Caesar for leaving that impression about him. An aged Roman, in flowing toga, who had been tinkering with the telephone in a vain attempt to comprehend its use, turned slowly, and observing the miniature bridges on the desk, said in his native tongue, "Look, Caesar, there's your bridge." Caesar walked over, scrutinized the structure tenderly and sighed.

"I think, considering that they have to translate their building directions from your laborious"—began Vergil.

Caesar glared savagely at him and straightened the wreath on his head.

Fearing a scene, Josephus walked on down the hall. He was beginning to wonder if he was bewitched, and what had become of all the teachers and pupils. Musing along these lines, he determined to visit every room and see if there were any more ghosts prowling around. He could at least amuse himself and that was better than going to class.

As he passed the chemistry room, he saw an old test tube rise up before an audience of bottles and chemistry aprons, sitting primly around the walls, and introduce the Misses Hydrogen and Oxygen, who were to deliver an address on the "Pleasures and Benefits of Swimming." As Josephus passed on, he heard Miss Hydrogen's words: "Oh, yes, we love it—Miss Oxygen and I are always to be found in water together."

At the head of the stairs, at the east side of the building, he distinguished another shadowy group. It was composed of Bismarck, Frederick the Great and Goethe. They were wrangling, because Goethe wanted to write an ode to the other two, and they objected. Nearby, Reinhard and Elizabeth were happily receiving congratulations, after their wedding, while Theodore Storm, author of "Immensee," was pouting in one corner, and complaining to the German grammar that Reinhard and Elizabeth were spoiling his best story.

Having descended the southeast stairs, Josephus walked along the hall; he was now thoroughly enjoying this queerest of all adventures. Stopping at the music room, he saw all the records doing the one-step to the tune of one record who had unwillingly allowed himself to be placed in the grafonola. This record, even

while playing, gave vent to his disappointment at not being allowed to dance also. Josephus was amused at their antics, even the music on the blackboard took note.

Passing Room 207, our hero's eye was attracted by a large sign on the door which read:

This roome is emptye—ther is nothing in it.
I will be bak in juste y—about a minnit.

G. Chaucer.

Josephus had an idea where Chaucer was, for he had noticed a grave and solemn group outside Room 209, and had perceived Shakespeare reading the dictionary to the other literary-looking gentlemen.

Just then the door of a room farther down the hall opened and Miss Circle and Mr. Compass strolled out, closely following them was Miss Octagon, an Angular creature, with a jealous eye fixed on Miss Circle. When she reached Josephus, she began to address him thus: "There goes Mr. Compass with that horrid old fat Miss Circle! I'm lots more his size, and yet—Why that Miss Circle weighs 360 degrees, I heard her say so! She just rolls along! As sharp as Mr. Compass is in some points, I'd think he'd find a suitable comparison!" Having no advise to offer, Josephus ungallantly walked off and left Miss Octagon standing there.

It was then that he decided to try the first floor and see who was down there. But as he turned to descend the front stairs, his way was blocked by a chain of glaring zeros, who danced fiendishly around him, each demanding if Josephus owned them. They had come from the files in the office, and were all the zeroes which the pupils had earned, or as the scholars themselves would

have expressed it which "the teachers had given them." It was only after Josephus explained that he had never received a zero in his life that they separated and let him pass.

Downstairs, in the middle of the hall, was a huge palm tree, on which grew all the dates in the history books. At the top of the tree, the largest and sweetest dates were found—there were —Under this most interesting specimen of plant life sat the Civics book. He was large, and fat, and intelligent looking. He had a ponderous rotund face and a quantity of black hair. He was engaged in talking to several of his pages.

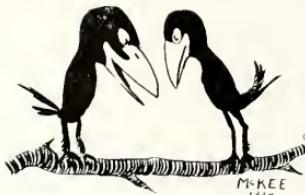
Behind the tree, some distinguished-looking persons were found, one was Luther Burbank, who was classifying the leaves of the palm tree. Down in the botany laboratory Josephus saw all the flowers, which the pupils had pressed, arranged in long pale rows, while a microscope with piercing eyes, stood before them, and required each to say his (Latin) botanical name in turn.

Over in the domestic science rooms a gas flame was discussing with much warmth, the tariff question with the grater, a rough individual. In the middle of the room an ancient dishpan was

telling the pots and pans how to avoid being scrubbed with Dutch cleanser. The door-ways and windows were crowded with fright-eyed needles and hard-headed pins who had come to listen. In the next room the full length mirror was in despair, because no one would stay to hear her lecture on "Vanity," except the scissors, and she didn't like the latter because he had made such cutting remarks.

Thus far Josephus had not been molested, every one had apparently been ignorant of his presence. But when he reached the manual training department, he did not fare so well. As he stepped inside the door, he beheld a score or more sticks of wood busily occupied in running the buzz-saw. As soon as they caught sight of Josephus, they approached, grabbed him with splintery arms and threw him in the buzz-saw. Then they began to laugh—louder and louder and still more loudly they laughed—

And just then Miss Ryker was shaking his shoulder gently—and he rubbed his eye. Shamefacedly he slouched down in his seat, and wished he were in Hayti.



A description of the village Grabbit

Grabbit was a small village—yes, there was no denying that—it was *very* small. Every one, even the people of the village itself, admitted that; in fact, the latter rather complimented themselves that they had not allowed the vulgar, rude, wicked world to crowd into their select company. Oh, yes! undoubtedly it was a select company. Oh, no one was counted a citizen of the village who did not have at least one parent a native of the town.

They had two public buildings, a church and a school. It really did seem that as wealthy as some of the members of the church were reputed to be, they could at least afford to have a few new shingles put on the roof above the pulpit. On a rainy Sunday the preacher was doomed to be very damp after the service, for it would be shocking for him to preach off the pulpit, and yet the pulpit was *so* small, and the leak in the roof *so* large, that the minister could not escape the water. When Hezekiah Tight complained to the *other* trustees that the roof over his accustomed seat leaked, the trustees thought it their duty to shingle the roof there, but somehow or other they missed the place over the pulpit. Oh, yes! those trustees were honest! They did not neglect their duties; and of course they paid *more* (?) than they urged the other people to pay, and that was more than most trustees did. The congregation was *very* religious. They went to church every Sunday. What matter if they went to sleep after they got there?

All but the children. The air was thick with paper-wads every Sunday, and whenever one hit Hezekiah Tight he jumped, shouted "Amen." (usually in the middle of a sentence) and was soon asleep again.

The school was a striking example of irregularity. Some way or other, no teacher would stay very long, on the plea that the children were naughty, when (as every one in Grabbit knew) they were all angelic.

Grabbit was a grasping, grinding, grabbing village. Mr. Commonkey had an ideal household in the eyes of Grabbit. He owned a great deal of land, and never did a penny get by him that could possibly be made on it. His wife had very poor health, but she worked from morning to night so that her husband would not have to hire help. This kind of a person was looked up to by Grabbit. Grabbit not perfect? You must be thinking of that terrible village Gaydom, where the people waste so much money. Why think of it! They have a \$5,000 church; they never take a Sunday morning nap in church. They have two school teachers that have been there some time. Why, think of it! They even waste time and money to have a party sometimes. Such a *sinjui* waste!

HILDA HOLLOPETER, 2B.

The Kokomo High School Basket Ball Team

BY DON DAWSON.

AS CHAUCER PROBABLY WOULD
HAVE DESCRIBED IT.

A teem ther was that played at Basket Balle,
And with them was a center very talle,
Whose legs were long, and fast he could y-ronne,
Whan after him the others bigan to come.
Snowy white and curly was his hair,
And whan it came to baskets he was ther.
This game he loved with all his hole herte,
At alle tymes thogh him gamed or smerte.

A forwarde ther was not quite so talle,
And ful light as is a rubber balle,
And whan him eeke out upon the floore,
That yelling squad would than bigan to roare.
This game he played with all his strength and mite,
And never let the ball get out of sighte.
Around the floor he swiftly would y-scoote,
While all the crowd would madly cheer and roote.

A guard ther was and he was also captain,
And he would play no matter what wold happen,
He always cold display such wondrous strength
Which well made up for what he lacked in length.
As fast as is a ram he could y-ronne,

Around the floor as thogh shot from a gune.
A forwarde ther was on this same teeme,
So very light and short that it wold seeme
That he would make it easy for the others.
But he could play ful wel as could his brothers.
He liked girls and also to eet dopes,
And whan he played it brighten all our hopes.
Many men he landed on the floore,
To turn around and add twice to our score.

Another forwarde whom we call Shimer
At this rude game he surely was a shiner
And whan the ball come neer he wold arreste
And to our score another mark investe.

A guard ther was of whom we speak as Belle
And no one ever knew him to be yelwe.
Many stars he now has in his crowne
And never fails to keep their score downe.

A coach ther was by whom they were instructed,
Who always tried to keep himself obstructed
As strong and sturd as the younge oake
And this goot teeme he surely did y-make.



DRAMA

Windmills of Holland

CAST.

Mynhertogenboch, a rich mill owner.....	Harry Sweeney
Vrouiw, his wife.....	Meca Tate
Wilhemina and Hilda, their daughters.....	Dorothy Voorhis, Louise Rapp
Kathrena, a friend of the girls.....	Sydney Colescott
Hans, a music student.....	Paul Laymon
Franz, his friend.....	Glen Steward
Yankee Bob, traveling salesman from America.....	Forest Addington



Polly's Magic

The Senior Mid-Year Play

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Ralph Beverly, Polly's Guardian.....	Clea Reagan
Jane Beverly, wife of Ralph.....	Harriet Hale
Baldwin Beverly, the son.....	Edmund Critchlow
Polly Perkins, a New England Girl.....	Julia McGaw
Hortense Beverly, elder daughter.....	Elsie Miller
Geraldine Beverly, younger daughter.....	Ruth Turley
Peter Hartleigh, prospective son-in-law.....	Harold Freeland
Silas Young, money lender.....	Ray Lantz
Harkins, the butler.....	Roscoe Moore
Marie, the maid.....	Irene Rayer
Mrs. Herbert Featherstone, one of the "400".....	Mary Bruner
Mrs. Clarence Chadfield, a "climber".....	Myrl Bair
Miss Rembrandt, a manicurist.....	Edith Jackson
Miss Bushnell, a hair dresser.....	Frances Piercy
Tommy, a poor little boy.....	Robert Trees
Pudgy, Tommy's sister.....	Genevieve Jackson

Class of nineteen sixteen

The SARGASSO





Class of nineteen sixteen

The SARGASSO



SOCIETY

Junior-Senior Reception

One of the numerous entertainments marking the closing days of school was the Junior-Senior '15 Reception, given in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium on the evening of the 25th of May.

The seniors' colors, green and white, were used throughout. At the entrance a white picket fence simulated a lane and all about the walls was a lattice work of white against which great boughs of maple were placed. Here and there were boxes and baskets filled with blossoms and overhead the balcony rail was banked with green boughs, while from balcony to balcony were hung ribbons of green and white. Soft rugs on the floor and comfortable chairs and settees made the room most inviting. At either side of the room were placed punch bowls over which sophomore girls presided, serving the delicious green beverage throughout the evening. The program conformed to the same color notion in its selection for the programs were printed in green on white, and was as follows:

Impromptu in C sharp.....Reinhold
MISS BESS JENKINSON

SoloSelected
MR. ESPLIN

L. Hache Esp Enterie.....Talk
PROF. HAWORTH

Nymphs and Fauns.....	<i>Bemberg</i>
Rose in the Bud.....	<i>Forsti</i>
My Heart Hath a Song.....	<i>Baldwin</i>
	MRS. ECKERT
Summer	<i>Unknown</i>
Clover Blooms.....	<i>Unknown</i>
Bob O' Link.....	<i>Gahmzzi</i>
	MRS. DICK ZEHRING
In My Garden of Roses.....	<i>Haydn Wood</i>
At Dawning.....	<i>Gamden</i>
	HARRY SWEENEY
Liehesfrund	<i>Kreser</i>
	MRS. EUGENE LAYMON
The Aftermath.....	<i>Talk</i>
	PROF. MAPLE

Two victrolas were played at intervals throughout the evening. Following the program refreshments of green and white fruit ice cream and cake were served and white roses were given as favors.

Senior Hay Ride

The first social gathering of the seniors this fall was a hay ride to a woods east of the Van Sickle home in the country.

About 5 o'clock in the evening, twenty-five of the seniors and Miss Roberts started to the woods. The ride was a merry one, but it was more enjoyable assembled around a large camp fire eating a delicious supper and roasting weenies and marshmallows.

Senior Spread

Never before or never in the future will a senior class have the good time the class of '16 had on February 24. The party was given in the form of a senior spread. All day the busy senior girls carried in their eats. While each anxious hungry-looking senior boy guarded a twenty-five cent piece in his vest pocket.

Promptly at 6 o'clock the students, together with the faculty, seated themselves at the well-filled tables which were artistically decorated with flowers and purple and white crepe-paper. My, how they all did eat! Everything tasted good. Even Mr. Bennett frankly declared "he had enough to eat for once."

At the close of the spread Roscoe Moore, who was toastmaster for the evening, called on members of the faculty and students of the class, who responded as follows:

Harriet Hale—"Our New High School Building."

John Van Sickle—"The Advantages of Being a Twin."

Vianna Falske—"The Senior Assembly We Dreamed of."

Irene Rayer—"Senior Activities."

Clea Reagan—"Night School."

Harold Freeland—"What I Think of K. H. S."

Mr. Hinshaw—"What I Think of the Seniors of '16."

Miss Dye—"Social Standpoint of Seniors."

Mr. Bennett concluded the talks by displaying his oratorical ability in an impromptu speech.

Senior Social

December 10, if we recall, was the evening the Wildcats played Marion in a game of real basketball. It was a merry time for the seniors that evening. All those royal seniors were assembled under their colors—purple and white—and helped to root the game to victory for K. H. S. After the game, a large number of the seniors attended the class social held at Mary Hodgkin's. The spacious home was open for every one to have a fine time. At a late hour a regular senior spread was heartily indulged in. Music from the victrola and piano was enjoyed throughout the evening.



Senior Reunion

On August 1, 1915, the seniors met at the I. U. T. station and journeyed out to the home of George McReynolds, four miles southeast of the city, for a reunion and real picnic. The eats were taken along and served in a big woods near by. Several rope swings were erected and various forms of amusement provided. All enjoyed themselves and voted to make the affair an annual one. This was the last school function which Prof. Maple attended in Kokomo.

Junior Class Social

November 5 Ruth Price, at her home 900 North Main Street, entertained the juniors with such success that it will be long remembered.

They were entertained first by Lynn Rapp and William Terhune, two of the high school's noted magicians, who performed many marvelous feats. All indulged in games and music throughout the evening.

For supper, the guests were seated at a large table, on which were found menu cards with a list of the following eatables: Sandwiches, pickles, baked beans, salad, apples, doughnuts and cider. These were served by Wilfred Moore, Lynn Rapp, Alton Reese and William Terhune.

Junior Gym Jam

On February 11, 1916, the first sociable was held in our new gym by the juniors. It was a success from start to finish. The gym was decorated in junior colors—pink and white. One grand and glorious time was planned for all the students and the public, of which about three hundred came and went during the evening.

The minstrel was fine. It was composed of about fifteen of the junior boys, who sang some snappy ragtime melodies. Another feature of the evening was the faculty fun films. Genevieve Wansborough gave an enjoyable reading; Ruth Speckin whistled "Chinatown," and "The Flower of the Everglade," in a very charming manner.

Ice cream and cakes were served. The cakes were made by the junior girls.

2A and 3B Class Social

The 2A class entertained the 3B's in a splendid way, at the home of Hilda Golightly. The evening was spent in one round of merriment. At a reasonable hour the young students were served with dainty eats.

Sophomore Halloween Social

On October 16 was a joyful time for the sophomores. Edward Anderson, one of H. S.'s sophomores, gave a halloween party at his spacious home, at 602 West Taylor Street.

The Anderson home was decorated cleverly in halloween fantasies.

All enjoyed themselves, playing the usual witching games of the season, and later delicious refreshments were served.

Freshman Social

On the evening of October 7 the freshman class held a sociable at the home of Joy Lockwood, inviting all high school students.

The Lockwood home was beautifully decorated for the occasion. Now for a "merry time" seemed to be ringing in every one's ears. The social was well attended by the students. Games, music and interesting talks were carried out by the members of the class. Refreshments were served.

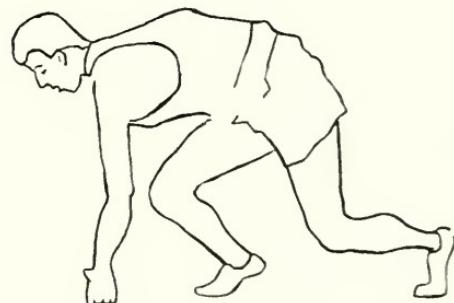
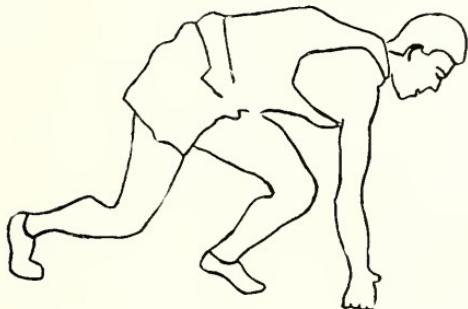
Short Story Club

One of the most interesting and useful clubs in high school is the Short Story Club organized by Miss Dye.

Every two weeks the club meets at the various homes and different members prepare talks on both classic and modern short stories. At the conclusion of the meeting, they either have a big spread or else serve light refreshments.

George Simmons is president of the club and Ruth Moon, secretary. There are twenty-five members.

ATHLETICS





"MIKE" HARRELL

ARBUCKLE

SHIMER

PARKER

BELL



MOORE

SMISSION

MEAD

HANSELL

"FRITZ"

Basket Ball

K. H. S. has always had a good basketball team composed of clean, upright boys representing the best in K. H. S., physically and mentally, but the team of 1915-16 seems to have been of better quality than the teams of preceding years. This was not a one-man team, nor a two-man team, but it was a five-man team, a team of which each member played for his team and not for personal glory. It was not a heavy team, but it was as fast as any team ever put in action. Except for Buck and Parker the team was composed of medium-sized men.

To start with, Mike had the best of material to work with. There was Jim Brown, captain, and a star guard; Don Arbuckle, Fred Bell, Paul Parker, Billy Shimer and many others. From this array of tried and true men it was inevitable that Mike should build a team that would bring honor and glory not only to K. H. S., but to Kokomo. Citizens of Kokomo were quick to realize this and they began to boost for the boys of the red and blue with all their might. With all this encouragement the boys went to work with a determination to make good and make good they did. Because of this determination they put forth their best efforts to win for Kokomo, making such ferocious onslaughts and exhibiting so much speed and agility that people began calling them "The Wild Cats."

During the early part of the season it was necessary to obtain the privilege to use the Y. M. C. A. gym while the high school gym was being put in readiness. It was in the historic setting of the Y. M. C. A. that Captain Jim Brown led his men, the boys

of the red and blue, on to victory for the last time. Jim was a great player and a good captain and it was with regret that the K. H. S. basketball fans gave him his last cheer as a player on the K. H. S. team. Besides being a good player, Brown was an excellent track man. He was a pretty sprinter, but his specialties were the half and quarter. He was expected to take the state championship in the half-mile this spring since he equaled the former record of 2:07 last spring. Besides all this, Jim was a good student and his ever ready smile was contagious enough to bring a responsive smile, even from a Latin teacher.

Don Arbuckle was elected by the team to succeed Jimmy. Don is one of the fastest and most skillful forwards in the state. He is a good defensive player as well as on the offensive. His fast footwork and quick dodges make of him an opponent worthy the consideration of larger and older men than he. His ability to hit the basket from the middle of the floor has helped win many hard-fought games. Buckle's never-failing good humor has made him dear to the hearts of his teammates, classmates and teachers.

Though the loss of Brown at back guard was quite a blow to the team, they withstood the shock with admirable courage and came back playing the game for all there was in it. This attitude was bound to win recognition and with the report that the new high school gymnasium would be in readiness in a couple of weeks people took a new and stronger interest in basketball.

The first game to be played in the new gym was against Anderson. There was much doubt expressed as to whether the K. H. S. team would be able to beat the Anderson team, since the local floor was much like home for the Anderson boys, while to the local team it was comparatively strange since they had never been in action on it. The K. H. S. team got together and decided that the dedication of the new gym must be accompanied with a victory over some outside team. They made good their resolution and took the game by a safe margin. Thus was the new battle-ground dedicated.

By this time people were beginning to name the Kokomo lads as real contenders for state honors. The dopesters were having a hard time of it though, trying to decide just which school had the best team, since every strong team seemed to have defeated some other strong team that had defeated the first strong team. It was a question who could deliver the goods on the fateful day of judgment. Everybody was convinced that there was not a high school team in Kokomo's district that could win out against the K. H. S. team.

It is no wonder to us that so much confidence was placed in the locals when we think of the team. We realize that it represented the work of months of conscientious training by the members; and the tireless energy with which Mike toiled over new plays and devices to give the red and blue one more advantage over a team whose coaching in the little fine points of the game was not so good. The efficiency of Mike's coaching is splendidly demonstrated by the regularity with which the boys worked out

their signal plays. The team was like a highly-specialized machine and when once adjusted and set in motion, it worked with a smooth, clock-like precision, with Buckle and Shimer spinning around the pivot, a great blond giant named Parker, and Bell and Buck or Boscoe to give them a toe-hold and to break up the important plays of pugnacious forwards on the opposing lineups.

As a scoring machine the team of 1915-16 was a great success, winning fourteen out of seventeen games during the regular season, giving them a total per cent. of 82.4, as against 17.6 per cent. for their opponents. Since great care was taken to choose only those of the highest standing, this is a mighty good record. In a team of this kind it is the usual custom to pick out a star player, one man who is a better player than any of the rest; but not so on the K. H. S. team—the team played as a unit each member doing his part and doing it well. Parker, owing to his height and ability to hit the net from any distance or angle, led in scoring.

The season closed on March 1, 1916, with a game at Muncie, which was won by Kokomo. This game will always be remembered by K. H. S. fans, not because it was won, but because it was the last game that Fred Bell ever played in. Bell was a wonderful basketball player. For two years Fred played on high school teams, before that he played on Sunday school teams and at the Y. M. C. A. Bell seems to have been a natural born basketball player. He was all grit and his ability and speed to make points from the middle of the floor, coupled with a cool daring spirit and a keen eye when it came to shooting free puts, made of him the popular hero of all.

Schedule for 1915-1916

Away—Kokomo	37	Frankfort	13
Away—Kokomo	21	Bedford	23
Away—Kokomo	25	Bloomington	23
Home—Kokomo	32	Bedford	9
Home—Kokomo	32	Marion	17
Home—Kokomo	34	Anderson	27
Away—Kokomo	25	Lafayette	32
Away—Kokomo	18	Thorntown	38
Away—Kokomo	31	Fairmount	30
Home—Kokomo	21	Muncie	16
Home—Kokomo	44	Frankfort	12
Home—Kokomo	25	Fairmount	19
Away—Kokomo	41	Anderson	21
Home—Kokomo	30	Thorntown	25
Away—Kokomo	32	Marion	16
Home—Kokomo	31	Lafayette	27
Away—Kokomo	33	Muncie	28

Total Points

Arbuckle	132	Smisson	47
Shimer	169	Moore	6
Parker	271	Mead	6
Bell	100	Hansell	12

Class of nineteen sixteen

© SARGASSO



Second Team

Forwards — Edmund Critchlow, Harry McNutt, William Trayers, Bernard Morgan, Victor Davis, Fritz Davis.

Centers—Calvin Reed, Clea Reagan, Frank Broo.

Guards—Allan Hunter, Dave Meade, Bud Thompson, Verle Willey, George Sellars.

The second team of 1915-16 did good work. The main duty of the second team is that of trainer for the first team. It is also a training school for fellows who will be next year stars. The second team of K. H. S. had not won an out-of-town for several years, but it always proved fairly efficient on the home floor. However, this team seemed to be a little better than some of its predecessors and won several out-of-town games as well as all the games at home. The second team was weakened on several occasions when it was divided into second and third teams, and sent to different towns. This broke up the unity of the team-work and made it hard to execute the signal plays. The second and third teams played nineteen games. Of these they won fourteen.

Class of nineteen sixteen

The SARGASSO



Track Meets

County Meet held April 19, 1915, Kokomo.

Total points—New London 42, Kokomo 37, Greentown 21, Russiaville 8, West Middleton 0.

Events:

100 Yard Dash—Dailey, Greentown 1; Gilbert N. L. 2; Heber Williams of K. 3. Time 10 4/5 seconds.

Discus Throw—R. Gilbert N. L. 1; Bishop R. 2; Heber Williams K. 3. 99 ft. 2 in.

Low Hurdles 220—Williams K. 1; Dailey G. 2; J. Gilbert N. L. 3.

Shot Put—R. Gilbert N. L. 1; Mulligan K. 2; Bishop R. 3. 37-8½.

Shot Put—R. Gilbert N. L. 1; Mulligan K. 2; Bishop R. 3. 37 8½.

High Hurdles, 170 Yards—Williams K. 1; J. Gilbert N. L. 2; Peacock K. 3. 17:3.

Pole Vault—Sloan G. 1; C. Webb N. L. 2; Gilbert N. L. 3. 9 ft. 2.

440 Yard Dash—Dailey G. 1; Brown K. 2; McReynolds R. 3. 54 3/5.

High Jump—H. Williams K. 1; Garner R. 2; Peacock K. 3. 5 ft. 4. 54 3/5.

Mile Run—M. Hollingworth N. L. 1; Dailey G. 2; Garner K. 3. 18 ft. 3 1/2.

220 Yard Dash—R. Gilbert N. L. 1; J. Gilbert N. L. 2; H. Williams K. 3. 24 1/5.

One-half Mile Run—Brown K. 1; J. Young N. L. 2; C. Land K. 3. 2:12 1/5.

Starter, Gardener. Judges at the finish, Hillis, Turley and McCoy. Field Judges, Applegate, Busby, Bennett, Hanson, Harrell, Clark and Fortner. Announcer, Somers.

Class of nineteen sixteen

The SARGASSO



Anderson Meet, May 8, 1915, at Anderson

There were three schools represented in this meet, Kokomo, Anderson and Muncie. K. H. S. had an easy time of it, taking as high as ten points in some of the events. None of the records made were so very good owing to the condition of the track. Then to make matters worse the meet was about half over when it began to rain. The ground before had been wet and now it was muddy and large pools of water lined the path of runners.

The meet was K.'s from start to finish, and it was a happy and tired crowd of boys who trooping in home (Kokomo) on that Saturday were dreaming of the two beautiful silver cups and many metals they had won for K. H. S. Of the thirteen members of the team not one failed to make at least one point and Heber Williams won twenty-five points, and nine of them made enough points to win a K. This is the largest number of K.'s ever distributed in one year by Mr. Hanson.

Reports.

1915

	1915		1914
Kokomo	91	Kokomo	26 ¹ / ₂
Anderson	26	Anderson	68 ¹ / ₂
Muncie	5	Muncie	16

Personal Races

H. Williams	25	R. Williams	5
N. Peacock	10	J. Mulligan	5
J. Brown	9	C. Beeching	4
R. Garner	9	A. Hunter	3
C. Land	8	C. Goyer	2
R. Lantz	5	W. Hobbs	1
W. Gates	5		

Relay Team—J. Brown, R. Garner, C. Land and W. Gates.

100 Yard Dash—Thomas A. 1; H. Williams G. 2; R. Lantz K. 3; J. Brown K. 4. 11 2/5.

220 Yard Dash—Sturgen M. 1; Lantz K. 2; Bronnenberg A. 3; Julius A. 4. 1:3.

One-half Mile Race—J. Brown K. 1; Land K. 2; Swineford A. 3; R. Williams K. 4. 2; 24.

Mile—Land K. 1; Morgan A. 2; R. Williams K. 3; Daniel A. 4. 5 3 1/5.

120 Yard Hurdle—H. Williams K. 1; N. Peacock K. 2; McDaniel A. 3; R. Garner K. 4. 21 sec.

220 Yard Hurdle—R. Garner K. 1; H. Williams K. 2; Peacock K. 3; McDaniels A. 4. 31 2/5.

Discus—Davis A. 1; H. Williams K. 2; Beeching K. 4; W. Hobbs K. 4. 93 ft. 7 in.

High Jump—H. Williams K. 1; Peacock K. 2; Wilson and Morgan A., tied for 3. 5 ft. 3 in.

Shot—Muligan K. 1; Hunter K. 2; Beeching K. 3; Ivanogle A. 4. 37 ft. 2 in.

Pole Vault—McDaniel A. 1; Goyer K. R., Williams K. and Vermillion A. tied for 2. 8 ft. 1 in.

Broad Jump—H. Williams K. 1; R. Garney K. 2; N. Peacock K. 2; Vermillion A. 4. 18 ft. 2 in.



Relay Race

Relay race won by Kokomo. There were only two teams entered in this race—K. H. S. and Anderson. Anderson did not have a ghost of a chance. After the first lap it was merely a matter of holding the lead. Jim Brown, who ran the last lap, came in almost half a lap ahead of the Anderson man. Time, 4:10.

The results of this meet gave to K. H. S. two beautifully engraved silver cups. One of them is the private property of K. H. S. The others will also be Kokomo's after the spring of 1916. It is a pity that the cups won by former teams can not be

kept with these two under the careful guardianship of Mr. Hanson.

OFFICIALS

Start, C. E. Kitch; clerk of course, Mr. Hardman; inspectors, E. O. Maple, C. V. Haworth, W. A. Denny; judges at finish, F. Fultz, O. G. Harrell, C. V. Beeching, C. R. Voss; timers, B. Haugh, L. H. Bennett, J. E. Smith; official scorer, V. A. Denny.

State Meet

On the following Saturday, May 15, 1915, the state meet was held at Indianapolis. K. H. S. had three men to represent her. These three—H. Williams, J. Brown and N. Peacock—were picked by Mr. Hanson and Mr. Harrell, as Kokomo's best. Peacock and Williams were entered in three events each—high jump, high hurdles and low hurdles. Brown was entered in the half-mile and quarter-mile events.

Brown won record in the half-mile by equaling the old state record of 2:7. The winner did in 2:6, setting a new state record. Heber Williams took third in the high hurdles. Neal Peacock failed to score.

Most of the records made at the state meet were not remarkable because of the cold damp weather. The men were stiff and could not put forth their best efforts.





Girls' Basket Ball

Until this year the girls of K. H. S. have not had any chance for athletics because of the lack of a gymnasium. But with access to the gymnasium which the new building provides the girls immediately started to work. Mr. Hinshaw heartily endorsed the idea and appointed Miss Choate to act as coach.

A meeting was held of all girls interested in basketball and plans were discussed. It was decided to divide the girls into assemblies and select the teams from them. Elections were held and twelve teams were organized under the following captains: Florence Critchlow, Belle Elson, Geraldine Armstrong, Clarice Beidler, Ruth Turley, Joy Lockwood, Grace Findlay, Julia Morrison, Gladys Moore, Catherine Stedman, Agnes Vrooman and Josephine Tague.

These teams were numbered and a schedule made out which lasted from February 18 until April 14.

Because of the size of the gym the floor was divided into two courts. In this way two games were played at one time. Halves of from ten to fifteen minutes were used so that eight teams could play in one evening. On every Tuesday and Friday the girls donned their middies and bloomers and played with a zest equal to that of the boys.

Since a large majority of the girls had never played before and knew very little about the rules, the first games were comedies of errors. But under the efficient coaching of Miss Choate they gradually improved.

From the best players of all the teams a first and a second team was organized. On March 3 these two teams played a preliminary game.

First team—Forwards, Elsie Miller and Catherine Stedman; center, Clarice Beidler; guards, Loraine Shrock and Julia Morrison; subs, Sidney Colescott and Ruby Conner.

Second team—Forwards, Mary Vere and Armetha Kenney; center, lone Butler; guards, Mae Bair and Flora Bell; subs, Ruth Turley and Irene Rayer.

As this was the first game of the season for the girls the crowd cheered a great deal. Several fouls were made, but as a whole the playing was good. The second team won by a score of 8-6. Elsie Miller made all the points for the first team, and Mary Vere, 6, and lone Butler, 2, for the second. The first team wore red ribbons and sweaters and the second wore blue.

The next game was played as a preliminary to the eighth-grade game. The second team won again by a 6-2 score. The last game was played before the alumni game.

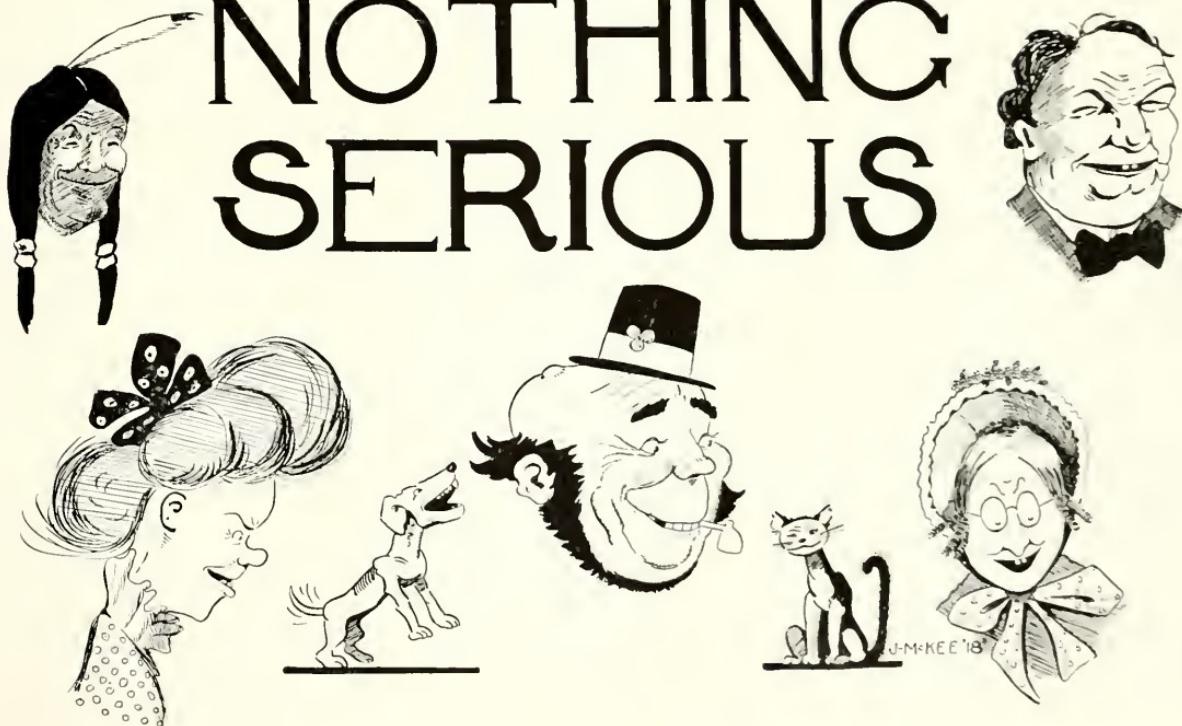
The lineup was slightly changed, placing Loraine Shrock at forward and Irene Rayer at guard on the first team, while on the second, Mary Vere played forward and Josephine Tague center.

This game was the best of the season. The girls had improved greatly and it was a hard-fought battle from start to finish. The first team got together and won by a 7-6 score.

The girls' games have been a great success and have established girls' basketball as a permanent form of athletics.



NOTHING SERIOUS





Ed. C.—"What does money say when it talks?"

Clea R. (Speaking from personal experience)—"Goodbye!"

* * *

First Germ—Been on a vacation?

Second germ—Nope; on a tramp.

* * *

They had just come in from Ni Wot to see the old-fashioned show. "Gracious, Hiram!" said the old lady. "Them awful society women dress like they was goin' swimmin'." "O' course, Jerusha. Hain't you heard that in the social swim the wimmin try to outstrip each other?"

* * *

"Nobody notices the little things in life." "I differ from you. Do you know anything as small as a cinder which can be so much in the public eye?"

* * *

TO ACHIEVE SUCCESS

Success is the goal toward which all eyes are turned, all efforts directed, and the means by which this desirable end may be attained is revealed in the following collection of axioms which have been compiled in answer to the query: "What is the secret of success?"

"Push," said the button.

"Take pains," said the window.

"Never be led," said the pencil.

"Be up to date," said the calendar.

"Always keep cool," said the ice.

"Don't do business on tick," said the clock.

"Aspire to greater things," said the nutmeg.

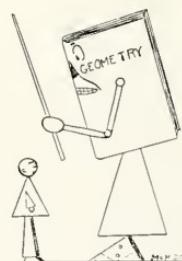
"Make light of everything," said the fire.

"Be sharp in all your dealings," said the knife.

"When you find a good thing, stick to it," said the glue.

"Strive to make a good impression," said the seal.

* * *



My geometry, 'tis of thee,
Thou book of misery,

Of thee I sing;

I hate thy curves and angles,

Thy squares and all new fangles,

Thy pentagons and rectangles,

Thy chalk and string.

"Miss Ethel," said Chollie Staylate, "if I should tell you I was going away tomorrow, would you feel sorry?"

"Tomorrow," she answered, glancing at the clock. "Yes, I should feel sorry—I thought you might go away tonight."

* * *

Harriet—"What caused the coolness between you and Jones, Julia?"

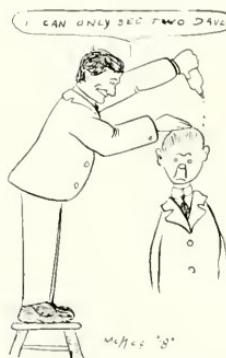
Julia—"A heated argument."

* * *

Noel B.—"Give me a definition of extravagance."

Oscar F.—"Extravagance is wearing a clean shirt when you have a vest on."

* * *



O. G. Harrell—I wonder where all the bugs go in the winter?

David M.—(Absent-mindedly)—Search me.



IDEAS FOR AUTOMOBILISTS

If you are thirsty, the chauffeur always has a license, and besides, there is a spring beneath the car.

If in need of excitement, just lean over the side of the car and watch the tool box.

If in trouble with a cold, put the hood over your head, and the muffler around your neck.

If you own a Ford, the rattle will amuse you and the baby at any time.

If you are tired of driving, let the axle drive for you. Remember the automobile is also tired.

The Ford was always a noisy machine. Even the wheel spoke.

The front of the car is heavier than the rear. That makes the tail light.

The automobile is a fine machine for a politician; the mud-guard prevents mud-slinging.

If you have no matches, simply throw your cigar out of the car and watch it light.

The power of an auto truck is not measured by the "truck horse power."

If you feel flush and wish to blow yourself, the horn is handy. Have you seen Mag Neto? Oh Bosh!

Success is its own excuse; it is only failure that apologizes.

* * *

There was a young man named Mirth,
Who was born on the day of his birth,
He married, they say, on his wife's wedding day,
And died his last day on earth.

(The lines which landed one Ed. C. in before the footlights.)

* * *

— Demosthenes is dead, Cicero is dead, Webster is dead, and
"Precious" Gifford isn't feeling well.

* * *

Does your father object to kissing?
I don't know. Shall I tell him you would like to kiss him?

* * *

Prof. Clark—Edna, tell us something about hydrochloric acid.

Edna V.—Well—er—it has a yellow smell.

* * *

SOME OF OUR FRIENDS

The Musical Girl.....	Sara Nade
The Spiteful Girl.....	Anna Mosity
The Big-hearted Girl.....	Jennie Rosity
The Smallest Girl.....	Minnie Mum
The Stylish Girl.....	Ellie Gant
The City Girl.....	Minnie Apolis
The Scrappy Girl.....	Millie Tary
The Helpful Girl.....	Amelia Rate
The Brilliant Girl.....	Aurora Borie Alice
The Twin Girl.....	Dupli Kate
The Jolly Girl.....	Annie Mation
The Unlucky Girl.....	Miss Fortune

"Good children die young." Be careful Phelps.

* * *

Harold Freeland had been giggling incessantly, and Mr. Benet's nerves were on edge. "Harold, stop that giggling. Aren't you ashamed of yourself? I'm sure you don't act like that at home."

Harold, amid renewed giggles—"Home ain't no funny place like this."

* * *

Roscoe Moore—I heard a good one on you, Elliott.

E. Trees—What was it?

R. Moore—I heard you were up at Thelma's and your father came after you, you stayed out so late.

E. Trees—It ain't so! He only came to the railroad crossing.

* * *

—Exchange

If you had to stand on your head,

We knew you would get at it somehow;

This poem you've already read;

So we bet two-blits to a nickel,

If he gets the least kind of a show.

If there's one thing interests a fellow,

It's something he wants to know;

He's bound to get it in somehow;

If there's one joke not a joke?"

"Usually."

* * *

Stranger—Be there a man around here with one leg named Smith?

Native—Dunno; what's the name of the other leg?

Julia H.—“Do you think much of Paul?”

Mary H.—“Only about twenty-four hours a day.”

* * *

Teacher—“I punish you because I love you.”

Small boy—“If I were big enough I’d return your love.”

* * *

Carl W.—“I’m indebted to you for all I know.”

Prof. Woody—“Don’t mention it; it’s a mere trifle.”

* * *

NEW ABRIDGED K. H. S. DICTIONARY OF SLANG

And Say (conjunction). Used by people who talk incessantly and without point.

Balled Up (adjective). A confused state of being for some girls after dates.

Buzz (verb). To revolve about an interesting object.

Bluff (verb). A fine art. Most necessary to a successful life. Consists of making one believe you have what you haven’t. Also makes an empty space seem full.

Cut It Out (verb). To ask to refrain from. Very forcible when used by a member of the faculty.

Flunk (noun and verb). A knock-out blow. It marks the end of a landslide.

Hike (verb). To escort one’s best girl home at noon.

Knock (verb). To tell the truth about a person or thing.

Pull (noun). Something necessary to get through High without studying.

Queer (verb). Meaning to spoil. To ruin.

Spiel (verb). To emit hot air.

Virginia Cashman (hotly)—“I don’t stand on trifles!”

Reva G. (glancing at her feet)—“So I notice!”

* * *

WANTED—To buy a second-hand wireless apparatus to communicate with people on the ground. Write, phone or telegraph Paul Parker.

* * *

Mary Bruner says it is easy to breakfast in bed if you are satisfied with a few rolls and a turnover.

* * *

Prof. Hanson (explaining the distance to the moon in physics class)—It’s a long, long way to Tipperary, but it’s a longer way to the moon.

* * *

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

1. Learning to loaf.
2. Special study of canning. (Teachers take special notice.)
3. Preserving your equilibrium.
4. Practice in “taking the cake.”
5. Getting things in a stew.
6. How to roast effectually.

* * *

Teachee, teachee, all day teachee;
Night markee papers, nerves all creepee.
No one kis-see, no one huggee.
Poor old maidee, no one loovee.

There was an expressman, alas and alack,
Who tumbled down stairs with a stove on his back;
When asked how he felt, he replied with a frown,
“I’m somewhat stove up, but I got the stove down.”

A tailor, on taking the measurement for Lynn Rapp's new Easter suit, asked him how many pockets he wanted in the back. He was told two. He then asked, "Pint or half-pint?"

* * *

Senior—I see where thirty thousand Irishmen were captured in Paris.

Ed. C.—What were they doing?

Senior—Making Paris green.

* * *

Miss Roberts—"Is this noun neuter?"

Red L.—"Yes, quite new-er me."

* * *

Mr. C.—Now, what is the rule for phrasing in shorthand, Fred? Fred D.—Why—er—u—m—Why! the second stroke comes right after the first.

* * *

"What is the difference between a man's condition before marriage and after?"

"Before marriage he swears to love, while afterward he loves to swear."

* * *

Cain—"Why, it's only 6 o'clock. I told you to come after supper."

Phil W. (modestly)—"That's what I came after."

* * *

Hall Boy—"Say, Rommie, the landlady says she is going to raise the rent."

Other H. B.—"That's good. I'm sure I can't."

* * *

Mr. Harrell—"Mr. Smith has written an excellent book on how to prevent insanity. I think it would pay you to read it."

Lives of Seniors all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime;
And by asking foolish questions,
Take up recitation time.

* * *

Heard in Chemistry:

Clark—"What is the composition of soap?"

George Mc.—"Lye and fat. Say, on the side, wouldn't D. Prebble make good soap?"

* * *

Junior—"Speaking of electricity, that makes me think——"

Professor—"Really, isn't it remarkable what electricity will do?"

* * *

He (at the masquerade ball)—"That's a strange looking costume you are wearing. What do you represent?"

She—"Opportunity."

He—"Indeed! Let me embrace you."

* * *

Cecile G. (explaining capital and labor in History class)—"Suppose I loan Gilbert M. ten dollars, that's capital; but if I try to get it back, that's labor."

* * *

R. Butler—"Sing something."

V. Felske—"I don't know what to sing."

R. B.—"Don't you know 'I Love You Truly'?"

V. F.—"No; you never told me that before."

* * *

Miss Ryker—"In what course will 'Sweeny' graduate?"

Miss Roberts—"In the course of time."

A MULE'S A MULE FOR A' THAT

The mule—he is a gentle beast;
He's satisfied to be the least;
And so is man.
Like man he may be taught some tricks;
He does his work from eight to six.
The mule, when he gets mad, he kicks;
And so does man.

The mule, he has a load to pull;
He's happiest when he is full;
And so is man.
Like man he holds a patient poise;
And when the work's done will rejoice.
The mule he likes to hear his voice;
An' so does man.

The mule, he has his faults, 'tis true;
He does some thing he should not do;
And so does man.
Like man he doesn't yearn for style;
But wants contentment all the while;
And so does man.

The mule is sometimes kind and good;
He eats all kinds of breakfast food;
And so does man.
Like man he balks at gaudy dress,
And all outlandish foolishness;
The mule's accused of mulishness;
And so is man.

* * *

"Bluff and the class bluffs with you;
Recite and you recite alone."

Several important factors in our menagerie—Myrtle Bair,
Mary Wolfe, Mary Campbell.

* * *

B. Morgan—Have you quit Civics for good?

Don A.—Well, it couldn't be for worse.

* * *

Robert C.—Something's preying on my min'!

Mr. B.—Humph, it must be pretty hungry.

* * *

Bill Mc.—"A fellow insulted me by offering me a beer the other day."

Doc. Mc.—"What did you do?"

Bill Mc.—"Swallowed the insult."

* * *

Kathleen—What day is this?

Ruth C.—Monday.

Kathleen—Are you sure?

Ruth C.—Yes, because Madge Becroft was not here this morning. She is always absent on the day after Sunday.

* * *

Her Father—You've been calling on my daughter for some time, young man. Why don't you come down to business?

Suitor—Very well. How much are you going to have her?—*Boston Transcript*.

* * *

Buda R.—Why do you always stand before the mirror while dressing?

Zuma P.—To see what is going on, of course.



"Here's to the mouth! It is the grocer's friend, the orator's pride and the dentist's hope.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Sorry not to have heard your lecture last night," said the loquacious bore. "I know I missed a treat; everybody says it was splendid."

"I wonder how they found it out," said Mr. Frockcoat; "the lecture, you know, was postponed."—*Kansas City Star*.

Sergeant (disgustedly to Private Jones)—Ugh! Don't waste your last bullet. Nineteen are quite enough to blaze away without hitting the target once. Go behind the wall and blow your brains out.

Jones walked quietly away, and a few seconds later a shot rang out.

"Great sausages! the fool's done what I told him!" howled the sergeant, running behind the wall. Great was his relief when he saw Private Jones coming towards him.

"Sorry, sergeant," he said, apologetically; "another miss."—*Pittsburgh Telegraph*.

* * *

Joe Maloney—"What magazine will give the highest position quickest?"

Miss Ryker—"A powder magazine, if you send in a fiery article."

DID YOU EVER NOTICE

That Zethel Brown's complexion extends even to her ears?

The ten-cent grade of perfume Glen Stewart saturates himself with?

That at the end of about every month Harold Freeland could easily wear a hair ribbon? (Barber's loss, 15 cents.)

The starlight in the orbs of Gilbert Mays?

Ruby Conner's walk?

That Audia Wise acts as if she could not be Glen's sister?

That at noon and evening there is no one *at all* around the lockers?

That all the girls were extremely anxious to get into the "Household Chemistry" class?

That the girls always "stag" it to the basketball games, because it is all the boys can do to take themselves?

Mr. Harrell's intellectual eyebrows?

That Miss Sutherlin looks as if she is related to the Kaiser?

Miss Miller's popularity among the Freshie boys? No wonder they get good grades.

That George Raymond always has an announcement to make wherever you see him?

That Miss Ward never asks for excuses?

That Ruth Price, Mary Burns and Ruth Coughlan seem to have the impression that their assembly room is in the hall?

That after continual dieting Miss Dye is *gradually* growing thinner?

That Mr. Gibson and Mr. Gawne usually find it necessary to come upstairs to gain the inspiration from the beautiful girls after being in the lower regions?

That the freshies always walk next to the wall down the hall?

Miss Dye—"What usually followed Shakespeare's plays?"

Ruth Price—"Curtain."

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A PROBLEM IN ECONOMICS

An Irishman was newly employed at a lumber office. The proprietors of the company were young men, and decided to have some fun with the new Irish hand. Patrick was duly left in charge of the office with instructions to take all orders which might come in during their absence. Going to a nearby drug store, they proceeded to call up the lumber company's office, and the following conversation ensued:

"Hello! Is this the East Side Lumber Company?"

"Yes, sir. And what would ye be havin'?"

"Take an order, will you?"

"Sure! That's what I'm here for."

"Please send me up a thousand knotholes."

"What's that?"

"One thousand knotholes."

"Well, now, an ain't that a bloomin' shame! I'm sorry, but we are just out."

"How's that?"

"Just sold them to the new brewery."

"To the new brewery? What do they want with them?"

"They use them for bungholes in barrels."

* * *

Teacher—Someone has been throwing paper behind my back. James, do you know who it is?

James (who is the culprit himself)—Yes, sir; but I hardly like to tell.

Teacher—A very honorable feeling, James; you may sit down.

* * *

Louise Swigart—They say that waiters can always size a man up.

Mary Thomas—I suppose they measure him from tip to tip.

JOYS OF THE EDITOR

Consider the editor. He weareth purple and fine linen. His abode is among the mansions of the rich. His wife hath her limousine, and her first-born sporteth a speedy racing car. Lo! all the people breaketh their necks to hand him money. A child is born unto the wife of a merchant in the bazaar. The physicians getteth ten golden plunks. The editor writeth a stick and a half and telleth the multitude that the child tippeth the beam at nine pounds. Yea, he lieth even as a centurion. An! the proud father giveth him a cremo.

Behold, the young one growtheth up and graduateth. And the editor putteth into his paper a swell notice. He telleth of the wisdom of the young woman, and of her exceeding comeliness. Like unto the roses of Sharon is she, and her gown playeth long and loud. And the dressmaker getteth two score and four iron men for it. And the editor throweth himself on the story of the farewell party. It runneth a column, solid. And the fair one remembreth him from afar with a picture postal card that costeth six for a jitney.

Behold she returneth and the youth of the city fall down and worship. She picketh one and lo! she picketh a lemon. But the editor calleth him one of our most promising young men and



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getteth away with it. And they send unto him a bid to the wedding feast, and behold, the bids are fashioned by Mungumerry Hawbuck, in a far city. Flowery and long is the wedding notice which the editor printeth. The minister getteth ten bones. The groom standeth the editor off for a twelve-month subscription.

All flesh is grass, and in time the wife is gathered into the silo. The minister getteth his bit. The editor printeth a death notice, two columns of obituary, three lodge notices, a cubit of poetry and a card of thanks. And he forgetteth to read proof on the head and the fool thing cometh out, "Gone to Her Last Roasting Place." And all that are akin to the deceased jumpeth on the editor with exceeding great jumps. And they pullleth out their a ls, and cancellereth their subscriptions, and they swing the hammer unto the third an'l fourth generations. Canst thou beat it?

* * *

There was a young lady of Me.,
Who was of her beauty quite ve.
But a pimple arose
On the end of her nose,
And the poor girl went almost inse.

* * *

If the Texas editor who used to shoot his subscribers in the leg to remind them of their unpaid subscriptions is still living an'l at leisure, there is a job for him in this office.

* * *

Bennett—"Ever been in the army?"

Glen S.—"Sure! I was in charge of a squad of men one time."

Prof. B.—"On special duty?"

Glen—"Yes; they were taking me to the guard house."

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

When looking into two blue eyes,
Which gaze straight back at you;
When watching red lips curve and pout,
What else could mere man do?
Her golden hair lay on my breast,
My arm embraced her waist;
Her little hand within my grasp
In confidence was placed.
And I, fresh from the teacher's art
In tango and maxixe,
Trod all the very latest steps
With skill the tyro seeks.
I lame-ducked first with whirl and dip,
Then when I saw a tear
Upon my darling's cheek, I changed
And waltzed the little dear.
The clock struck "one," the clock struck "two,"
My strength was almost spent.
Still through the mazes of the dance
Unflinchingly I went;
Until at last, into her face
I took a stealthy peep,
And found, oh, joy, my little babe
At last had gone to sleep.

* * *

Parker—What's your idea of an optimist?

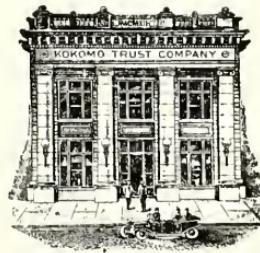
Beechy—A dead-broke individual ordering oysters with the hope that he can pay for his dinner with the pearl.

* * *

Coughlan—"I bought a dictating machine yesterday."

Hanson—"That's a good sound investment."

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"Is he a credit to his family?"

"No; a debit."

"It's an ill wind that blows——"

"Shut up!"

"It's a long lane that has no——"

"Cut it out!"

"You can lead a horse to water, but——"

"Cheese it!"

"What are you, for goodness sake?"

"I'm a Maxim silencer."

* * *

"Anyhow, there's one advantage in having a wooden leg," said D. V.

"What's that?" asked her friend.

"You can hold your socks up with thumb-tacks."

* * *

Beeching—I want this suit by the 30th. Can I have it on time?

Tailor—No, sir; we do a strictly cash business.

* * *

"Is old Doc as stingy as they say he is?"

"Yes. He won't even buy a calendar for fear he may not live to use it up."

* * *

When a man with a yellow streak gets blue, he turns green with envy of some one he thinks more fortunate.

* * *

Miss Rogers—"Name the Tudors."

Guy Toops—"Front door and back door."

"IN THE SPRING"

The days of cleaning house have come,

The maddest of the year,

When everything is upside down

And scattered far and near.

My meals are but a mere excuse;

My wife has grown a shrew.

The clothes I want are on the line;

My books the basement strew.

Each day, each week, through the year

This house is garnished bright;

But when spring comes my wife declares

The dirt germs are a fright.

And then she gets her pails and mops,

Her brooms and soap galore,

And life becomes for days untold

A nightmare and a bore!

* * *

George McReynolds—"I wish I knew how to get rid of trouble."

Miss Miller—"I can help you. I know a fellow who's always looking for it."

* * *

RARIFIED

Mrs. Nextdoor—"So your son's in college, eh? Burning the midnight oil, I suppose?"

Mrs. Laymon—"Well—er—yes; but I've an idea—er—that it's gasoline."

* * *

IN THE SWIM

A goldfish thinks nothing of a trip around the globe.

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FAT'S CONTENTMENT

(With apologies to Don Dawson—Bill Beechy.)

When I could boast of 30 waist
And 40 chest, I wore
The bottom button buttoned, in
The way young men adore.

But now with 60 waist, that scheme
Alas! I'm forced to stop;
I hold my coat together with
The button at the top.

Don't pity me for huge waist line
(The reason is a cinch).
For when I think of "eats" I've had,
I love each blissful inch.

* * *

AFTER THE FALL

Observant Kiddy—"Oh, look at that funny man, mother. He's sitting on the sidewalk talking to a banana peel!"

Two nextdoor neighbors quarreled and one of them exclaimed excitedly: "Call yourself a man of sense! Why, you're next door to an idiot!"

* * *

HANDY

Miss Choate—"Esther, what is the term 'etc.' used for?"

Esther Schnewind—"It is used to make people think we know a lot more than we really do."

* * *

The six "best sellers": Shrapnel, rifles, loaded cartridges, uniforms, automobile trucks, cotton.

TOO LITERAL

The teacher in Geography asked for a definition of the word "geyser." Willie evolved this definition: "A kaiser is a disturbance of the earth's surface."

* * *

My country 'tis of thee,
Land of neutrality.

We make the guns,
Cartridges, powder, shell,
Guncotton and shrapnel;
Send we John Bull to fell
Brave German sons.

* * *

THE CHEAP-SKATE

Of all the car hogs, I believe,
He cuts the meanest caper,
Who presses close to read the news
In someone else's paper.

* * *

Hanson—What is velocity?

Elliott Trees—Velocity is what a man puts a hot plate down with.

* * *

RESTAURANT HUMOR

Traveler—"Waiter, get me a lambchop quick. My train leaves in eighteen minutes."

Waiter—"Yes, sir; fifty cents."

Traveler—"What! Do you expect me to pay in advance?"

Waiter—"If you please, sir. You may be gone before it's ready."

That unquestionable quality linked with our unexcelled service and guarantee makes our store a most acceptable place to buy Graduation or other gifts.

HODGEN & VENT

Jewelers 209 N. Main St. Optician

We grind our own lenses.

For Ladies and Gents

All work guaranteed

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128 N. UNION ST.

The best place to have your hat cleaned and blocked
Umbrellas Repaired and Recovered

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The Peoples Drug Store

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The Wilson Music House
has been selling Pianos and Musical Merchandise to this community for nearly 40 years. We can please you. Come in and see our VICTROLAS and STARR PHONOGRAPHs.

116 East W'alnut St. Kokomo, Ind.

THE LEARNER AND THE SWIMMER

This is the lore of summer
 Many a girl has known:
 Learn, and the world swims with you;
 Swim, and you swim alone.

* * *

A lock of hair will oft recall
 Sweet memories like a flash,
 But it calls up lots of other things
 When you find it in the hash.

* * *

Again we played,
 This time she won.
 I won the maid.
 Result—two one.

* * *

UNWISE

Some people marry on railroad trains,
 And some atop a skyscraping peak;
 But most foolish and brave are those
 Who marry on seven dollars a week.

* * *

Bennett—"Is there any soup on the bill of fare?"
 Waiter—"There was, sir, but I wiped it off."

* * *

Waitress (to diner)—"How did you find your steak?"
 Customer—"I lifted up my potatoes."

* * *

When you turn over a new leaf, paste it down.

He—I wonder when you'll learn to make a pie as mother used to make?

She—Probably by the time you learn to make a salary such as father used to make.

* * *

A certain young man of great gumption,
 'Mongst cannibals had the presumption
 To go—but alack!
 He never came back;
 They say 'twas a case of consumption.

* * *

"Bridget, were you entertaining a man in the kitchen last evening?"

"Well, mum, that's f'r him t' say. Oi done me best wid th' materials at hand, mum."

* * *

Beggar—Can't I get the missus' ear for a moment?

Servant—I don't think you can get her ear; but I'm sure if you wait until she comes downstairs you'll get a piece of her mind."

* * *

Bill Shimer—"Here's a fellow patents a contrivance to keep girls from falling out of hammocks."

Don Arbuckle—"More machinery displacing the men."

* * *

Don't think you're a whole bedroom suit just because you are a swell dresser.

* * *

ABSENT-MINDEDNESS

When a man thinks he has left his watch at home and takes it out of his pocket to see if he has time to go back for it.

"The Garment Cleaners"
REESE & CHURCH

Phone 206

126 N. Union, 2nd Door North I. U. T.

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Staple and Fancy Groceries, Fruits, Vegetables,
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Save you 10% to 15% on provisions

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MERIT—"In our Methods."

QUALITY—"In our Glasses."
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MAHER & EVERMAN
The Dress Up Shop

LADY ASSISTANT

A. J. Losey, Funeral Director

108 W. MULBERRY ST.
TELEPHONE 49

WOMAN

Woman with satchel enters car, sits down.

Enter conductor, asks fare.

Woman opens satchel, takes out purse, shuts satchel, opens purse, takes out dime, shuts purse, opens satchel, puts in purse, shuts satchel; offers dime, receives nickel. Opens satchel, takes out purse, shuts satchel, opens purse, puts in nickel, closes purse, opens satchel, puts in the purse, closes satchel.

"Stop the car, please."—Ex.

* * *

A silly young fellow named Vaughan,
Who treated his boss with much scaughan,
Now belongs to the clique
Who earn nothing per wique,
And his best clothes are resting in paughan.

A smart young man named Fischer
Fished fish from the edge of a fissure.
A fish with a grin
Pulled the fisherman in;
Now they're fishing the fissure for Fischer.

A fly and a flea in a flue
Were imprisoned. Now what could they do?
"Let us flee," said the fly;
Said the flea, "Let us fly."
So they flew through a flaw in the flue.

* * *

When young we always think it queer
That Christmas comes but once a year;
But when we pay for Santa Claus,
We see the force of nature's laws.

"Was he a good man?"

"Oh, yes! Why, he lived so that his obituary was almost true."

* * *

A pretty good firm is Watch & Waite,
And another is Attit, Early & Layte;
And still another is Doo & Dairet;
But the best is probably Grinn & Barrett.

* * *

One instance, personally we try to believe that progress never makes a mistake; but we often wonder why finger-bowls were invented after forks.

* * *

Young Husband—A year ago you were crazy to marry me!
His Wife—That's what mother said, but I wouldn't listen.

* * *

POLITE BUT POINTED

A stern old preacher had issued a command to his people against dancing, believing it to be a device of the devil. A few of the young people disobeyed and attended the dance given at a neighboring town. Finally it reached the ears of the preacher, and, meeting one of the culprits on the street one morning, said in a stern voice:

"Good morning, child of the devil!"

"Good morning, Father!" smilingly answered the Miss.

* * *

"Do you think this joke of mine will live?"

"It ought to, it ought to. It's the good that die young."

Don't buy a new hat, let us make your old one new. Ladies' hats cleaned and shaped in the latest styles. We also repair shoes and umbrellas. All work guaranteed.

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"All work and no Play makes Jack a dull boy."

Don't be DULL but PLAY at the

“Y”

Billiards Bowling Pocket Billiards

J. C. MATTIX, Manager of Games

MIKALAS BROS.

Manufacturers of

PURE CANDIES and ICE CREAM

Proprietors of

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the Best place to eat

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A. E. Coles, Proprietor
Main and Mulberry Phone 125

Karlene—"Ed's a great talker. Says a lot of bright things.
Irene—"Yes, I remember one saying of his that pleased me greatly."

K.—"What was it?"
I.—"Good night."

* * *

God made the world and rested,
God made man and rested,
Then God made woman, since then
Neither God nor man has rested.

* * *

A Lovely Mansion in the Sky
We're not expecting that,
In fact, 'twill be a big surprise
If we secure a flat.

* * *

THE PASTOR'S TACTFUL WIFE

One day a clergyman noticed a woman whom he much disliked, coming up the front steps. Taking refuge in his study, he left his wife to entertain the caller. Half an hour later he emerged from his retreat, listened carefully on the landing, and, hearing nothing below, called down to his wife:

"Has that horrible old bore gone?"

The objectionable woman was still there, but his wife, equal to the occasion, answered, "Yes, dear, she went long ago! Mrs. Parker is here now."

* * *

To marry a fairy
Sounds well in a book;
But wary men marry
A competent cook.
P. S.—"Take D. S."

Where was the Magna Charta signed?
At the bottom.

* * *

Miss Rogers (to the third period assembly)—"Now if you're not here all the time I want you to say so. If you're only here on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, put it on the card, or else on Tuesday and Thursday, I shall hand you in absent."

* * *

Ralph Hansell—"I'm going to get ahead this term."

Don Arbuckle—"That's good. You've needed one long enough."

* * *

Harrell—"Did you look up that work I gave you on Prehistoric Man?"

Harriet Hale—"No, I forgot; but the minute I saw you coming down the hall, I thought of it."

* * *

Ruth Turley (to the girls)—Oh, girls, "There goes the Preacher's son's father."

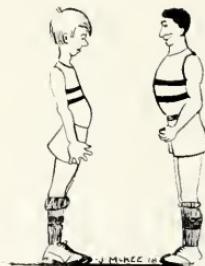
* * *

Miss Henby (in 2A German)—"Perle, read the first line, please."

P. Judson—"I didn't get that far."

* * *

Miss Choate—"Look here, Cassius, another day like tomorrow and you will go out of this class."



The Citizens National Bank

KOKOMO, INDIANA

Capital.....	\$250,000.00
Stockholders Liability (Additional)	250,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	240,000.00
Total	740,000.00

OFFICERS

Richard Ruddell, President	Frank McCarly, Cashier
Geo. W. Landon, Vice-President	R. B. Scherer, Assistant Cashier
A. V. Conradt, Vice-President	Chas. Shewmon, Assistant Cashier

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The "Home of the Universal Program." "None Better,"
Featuring Short Photo Plays, Comedies and Dramas.

5 Cents

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"Always has them." The Best of Short Photo plays.
Red Feather features every Friday.

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Talking about those wonderful qualities, perfect fitting, and Stylish clothes, that they have bought at the Ford Tailors at **\$16.00**, no more, no less, for a three piece suit made to measure and made to fit. Remember, they always fit. Come in get samples and compare them with others who are asking \$25.00 to \$30.00 for the same thing and we will convince you of the truth of this statement. Our merchandise speaks for itself.

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KOKOMO, INDIANA

Kenneth H. Rich
FUNERAL DIRECTOR

TELEPHONE 45

114 W. MULBERRY STREET
KOKOMO, INDIANA

Miss Ward—"Ned, define a circle."

N. Albright—"A circle is a line not bounded by a straight line."

* * *

Miss Roberts—"What are the three words you use most?"

H. Sweeney—"I don't know."

Miss R.—"Correct."

* * *

That swat; that's what
We mortals have to swat and shoo
The flies from dawn till dark,
'Cause Noah didn't slay the two
That roosted in the Ark.

* * *

TENNIS

A net, a maid,
The sun above
Two sets played,
Result—Two love.

* * *

THE REASON FOR THAT FAR-AWAY LOOK

He had a far-off look in his eye,
And a really unconscious air,
A lover, a poet, you might surmise,
With that very curious stare;
But, as he passed the conductor by,
He relinquished that look of care,
He was merely trying to seem as if
He'd already paid his fare.

Inspired by the famous question how to pronounce "Przemysl" a correspondent of the Bombay Examiner has created the following:

* * *

A RSSN PZZL

A dmzl who dwlt in Przemysl
Inadvrntly sat on a thysl;
Tho it certnly paind,
A shrk whe restraind
And contnd hrlf wth a whysl.

* * *

THE LETTER "E"

Someone has advanced the opinion that the letter "e" is the most unfortunate character in the English alphabet, because it is always out of cash, forever in debt, never out of danger and in hell all the time. For some reason, he overlooks the fortunes of the letter, so we will call his attention to the fact that "e" is never in war and always in peace. It is the beginning of existence, the commencement of ease and the end of trouble. Without it there would be no meat, no life and no heaven. It is the center of honesty, makes love perfect and without it there would be no editors, devils, nor news.

* * *

Mr. Eckert's definition of a *dumb-head*—"Ingrown ivory."

* * *

"What's in the report that the landlady eloped with a boarder?"

"It was only a roomer."

* * *

Wanted—Small boy to deliver oysters that can ride a wheel.

Meet your friends here.

TURNER'S

KOKOMO'S GREATEST STORE
FILLED WITH SPRING'S NEWEST
QUALITY MERCHANDISE

*Make this store your
headquarters*

Just a word to you young folks
about that home you will soon be furnishing
for yourselves. The years go quickly and
the graduate of today is the bride or groom
of tomorrow. Bear in mind that Miller's
wish you joy and success and bespeak for
themselves a share of your patronage in
future years.



MILLERS

*The Big Store — 319 N. Main St.
The Annex — 227 N. Buckeye St.*



At a political meeting a very enthusiastic German made a speech like this: "My dear fellow-Shermans, I don't want to say nodings about nobody, but look at dem Irish in de Tenth Ward; vot haf dey got? Pafed streets! Und vot has we got? Mut! Mut! Now, my fellow-citizens and fellow-Shermans, vot I wish to say is dis, Com let us put our heads togelder and make a block pafement."

* * *

"Jack be nimble,
Jack be quick,
Slip me a pony,
I'm awful thick.

* * *

"How I love its giddy gurgle,
How I love its fluent flow,
How I love to wind my mouth up,
How I love to hear it go."

* * *

J. McGan—"Your neck reminds me of a typewriter!"

S. Keet—"Why?"

J. M.—"Because it's Under Wood."

* * *

Irene Rayer—"Did you hear about the big explosion the other day?"

Elsie Miller—"No, how did it happen?"

Irene—"A farmer blew into the city."

Horace S.—"Was Robinson Crusoe an acrobat?"

Miss Choate—"I don't know. Why?"

Horace S.—"Well, here it reads that after he had finished his day's work he sat down on his chest."

* * *

"Johnnie!"

"Yes'm."

"Why are you sitting on that boy's face?"

"Why, I—"

"Did I not tell you to always count one hundred before you gave way to passion and struck another boy?"

"Yes'm, and I'm just sittin' on his face so he'll be here when I'm done countin' one hundred."

* * *

"Do you know where the little boys go who don't put their Sunday school money in the plate?"

"Yes'm, to the movies."

* * *

"So you're little Willie Woodby?" said the new minister after Sunday school. "I called to see your mother yesterday, but unfortunately she was not at home."

"Oh, yes, she was," replied the boy, "but I guess she took you for the installment man. You look something like him."



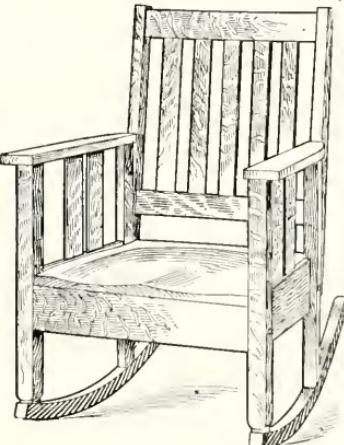
We invite your inspection

¶ It is not what you put into a room that makes or mars its home-like atmosphere.

¶ You must have real necessities that contribute to comfort. You must have harmony between the various pieces of furniture.

¶ You must have quality, which means service returned for the expenditure.

¶ Whether your needs be that of a single piece or that of completely furnishing a home, you will find it worth while to inspect what we have to offer.



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To the High School Graduate

Have you determined what your life work will be?

Do you know anything about the profession of dentistry as a life work?

Don't you think it would be well to investigate it before you make your decision?

INDIANA DENTAL COLLEGE is one of the oldest and best schools in the world, in the best city in America.

Write to the Secretary for a catalog and booklet that tells all about the school and the profession.

FREDERIC R. HINSHAW, D. D. S. DEAN

11 West North Street
Indianapolis

A New York man was recently acting as guide through an art gallery for a friend from the country. As they paused before a statuette, the guide said:

"This is Psyche. Executed in terra cotta."

"What a pity!" said the rural one, "how barbarous they are in those South American countries!"

* * *

A senior of one of our large manufacturing concerns came through the store recently and noticed a boy sitting on a counter, swinging his legs and whistling merrily. The senior eyed him severely as he confronted him, and inquired: "Is that all you have to do?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; report to the cashier and tell him to pay you off. We don't need boys like you around here."

"But, sir," said the astonished boy, "I don't work for you. I have just bought some goods and am waiting for the bill."

* * *

"Bobby," said the lady in the car severely, "why don't you get up and give your seat to your father. Doesn't it pain you to see him reaching for the strap?"

"Not in a car," said Bobby, "only at home."

* * *

THE CLASS PLAY

Clea Reagan—"Hello, girlie! How homely we look!"

Harriet Hale—"O girls, girls, it's coming, it's coming!"

Ed Critchlow—"All I want is one sweet little kiss!"

Julia McGaw—"All right, Baldwin, just one."

Myrle Bair—"So few men, now-a-days, have any will of their own."

Mary Bruner—"I trust we are not intruding."

Ruth Turley—"Oh shucks!"

Elsie Miller—"You seem to forget I went way to Paris for that music."

Edith Jackson—"I'm real cutting, ain't I?"

Frances Piercy—"I seem to be as welcome as a snowstorm at a Fourth of July celebration."

Roscoe Moore—"A party to see Mr. or Mrs. Beverly."

Ray Lantz—"Pretty nice sort a place you got here, Mr. Beverly."

Irene Rayer—"Yis, ma'am."

Robert Trees—"No, not dirty—hungry!"

Genevieve Jackson—"Soap and water's about the only things he's scared of, lady."

Harold Freeland—"My word!"

* * *

THE AVIATOR

An aviator flew high into the air,

So far from earth I knew not where.

He turned a flip, he turned a flop,

Then to the ground did the airman drop.

He sank so far into the ground

That only grease of him was found;

So nothing more of him we know,

Except to heaven he did not go.

* * *

A little flunking now and then
Will happen to the best of men.

BERNIE BERNARD'S

Cigar Store

118 E. Sycamore Street

CARTER'S ELECTRIC SHOP

If electrical and good we sell it

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Corner of Sycamore and Union Sts.

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KOKOMO, IND.

SANDERS

South Side Druggists

Soda Water, Drugs, Patent Medicines

932 SOUTH MAIN ST.

TO MISS ROGERS

Here's to dear Miss Rogers,
Our teacher true;
We all just love her,
Yes, you bet, we do.

She teaches ancient history,
And Latin, full of fear,
She also can explain it,
And make it very clear.

And then she loves to tell us,
Old tales of long ago,
Greek architecture's phases
Augustus and Plato.

And I'll tell you something,
She has the sweetest smile,
That to come and see her
Is surely worth your while.

She has a pleasing manner,
As all the students know,
And we will always love her
Wherever she may go.

E. T. '16.

* * *

Druggist—Pills, my young man?
Young man—Yes'm.
Druggist—Anti-bilious?
Young man—No, uncle.

A DUTCHMAN'S CONVISTIONS

Und now we haff right here mit uss,
A awful var dot makes uss cuss.
Shust dink now, peoples, vat idt means,
Ven we shoot our crops und burn our beans.

Idt means dot all our bissness must play quits,
Except dot one dot makes der Schlitz.
Now, peoples, I have a awful bright bruder,
He knows vot iss bout one ding an udder.

Now can we look ourselves in der face,
Ven we are shooting men most effry place,
Und say vile ve haff this stormy veder,
Dot dis world iss getting much der better?

Mein bruder wrote to me und said,
Dot ve vuss vaisten too much lead.
Und den he says in dot same letter,
Dot der world vas not much better.

—Hans Sauerkraut.

* * *

Ginerva—Oh, I could even miss my meals to read "The Harvester," it is so interesting.

Vernice—That's nothing. I sat in the parlor with "Laddie" in my arms all Sunday evening.

* * *

Calvin R.—"Say, Red, what's the most nervous thing in the world, next to a girl?"

Red L.—"Me, next to a girl."

BEAUTIFUL
APPROPRIATE

COMMENCEMENT GIFTS

AT

THALMAN & LEVI'S

IN KOKOMO

"THE STORE AHEAD"

SCOVEN

CONTRACTORS
INTERIOR *and* EXTERIOR
PAINTING *and* DECORATING
WALL PAPER
PAINTS
VARNISHES
OILS
TOOLS
BRUSHES
ESTIMATES FURNISHED
PHONE 52

A NIGHTHORS

Befel that, in November on a day,
In Kokomo at my home as I lay
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To school with ful devout corage,
I turned on my side and slept.
Of the dreams I had I could have wept.
For ther upon my vision clere
Came the Basket Balle team so deare.
And now that I have tyme and space
Er that ferther in this tale pace,
Me thinketh it accordaunt to resoun
To tellen you al the condicione
Of ech of hem, so it seemed to me
And which they weren and of what degree.
And at the first than wol I biginne
Al it dos seem a sinne.

Arbuckle ther was, and a worthy fellow,
That fro the tyme that he could bellaw,
He loved Basket Balle so welle
That I have not words to telle.
He missed the basket, but not often
Only Reva his heart could soften.

With him there was a guy right Shimere
(That worde surly is a rimere)
Sawceflem he was upon his chekies
Wel loved he garleek, onyons, and eel leekes
His breath was so stronge he could hardly speake,
But I have not any cause to keeke.

Palus Parker, oure center so talle,
He stooped throughie the doore its were so smalle,
With only two strides he could cross the floore,
And he alwey helped to add to our score.

Then ther was Boscoe, a solempne boy,
That of his smyling was ful simple and coy.
A not-head haddle he, with a faire visage,
Of his feet wel coulde he al the usage.
But he was a good guard for al thate,
Altho hes olde now and somdel fate.

Then Buck Smissen entered the sceane
With his smyling face and neckties greene
But he was wyse for all thate
For he alwey liked the teachers hate
And he was Coke among the—but I woke up at thate,
To hear my mother's voice inne my eare
Saying, "Get redy for school my woode deare."

EXTRA PARTING SHOT:

Now our work is over,
 You have read it thru,
Take its slams but lightly
 And find its pictures true.

I. R. '16.

Modern Cloak and Suit Co.

210 N. MAIN STREET

Special Feature

Complete lines of Misses' Apparel

Very Different

Unusual and Low Priced

Goods Delivered

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Meat and Grocery Market

Home Killed Meals and Fancy Groceries

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"America's First Car"

Today one of the best built pieces of motor
car machinery that has ever taken the road.

HAYNES AUTOMOBILE CO.

KOKOMO, IND.

Let your next pair be
WALK-OVERS

NEIL THOMAS

W. Walnut Street

Calendar

Sept. 13—School opened in Tabernacle and closed for one week. We also saw our new principal.

Sept. 20—Six hundred pupils gaped at the halls, etc.

Sept. 21—We discover two sensations in our school just arrived—Myrtle Bair and Harold Freeland.

Sept. 22—Junior and senior scrap. Somebody is going to get canned.

Sept. 23—Hinshaw locked sixteen fellows in H. S. and called the police, but the birds flew and only three were left.

Sept. 24—Somebody squealed. Sixteen boys in office.

Sept. 27—Can't slip out today. Teacher at every door.

Sept. 28—Phelps tells us of a man with a goat's stomach. Buckle takes it in, but thinks it would change his appetite.

Sept. 29—Paul Parker gets his feet tangled and suffers a fall downstairs.

Sept. 30—Chester McDaniels gets lost and can't find history.

Oct. 1—Miss Henby and Miss Choate, after eating a ten-cent supper, ordered one piece of pie and two forks.

Oct. 4—Senior meeting. We elect committee and officers.

Oct. 5—Election of Sargasso staff.

Oct. 6—Eckert organized a musical appreciation class and everybody who wanted a soft credit joined.

Oct. 7—Dip Delon was in school today.

Oct. 8—Red Butler gets angry at his desk and tears it from the floor.

Oct. 11—Freeland says he will not write jokes because they are all on him.

Oct. 12—Freshman meeting. There are too many of them. We just put down the most important ones.

Oct. 13—Very unlucky day for Ed Critchlow and Clea Reagan, they were sent up for two to fourteen days.

Oct. 14—George McReynolds has a new shade for his eyes.

Oct. 15—Carl Weaver and Shorty Myers have their names on the board to report to Room 206.

Oct. 18—Cecil Long got a full-grown sneeze out today.

Oct. 19—Harry McNutt is hit on the head with somebody's lunch.

Oct. 20—Buckle is a poor bluffer. Bennett told him so.

Oct. 21—Senior weenie ride and hay roast. About twenty present.

Oct. 22—Hanson gives 1 per cent. on your grade for each bottle brought and used in chemistry. Every pupil receives 100 per cent.

Oct. 25—The clocks are started. They keep time like a dollar watch.

Oct. 26—Yell practice in Room 212.

Oct. 27—Harriet Hale was silent in civics.

Oct. 28—Grade cards given out. Many forgeries were committed.

Oct. 29—Hansel Jones was brought back to school by father.

Nov. 1—Orchestra practice. First time this year.

Nov. 2—Visitors day. Pupils showed them around.

Nov. 3—Miss Roberts: "What is an interrogative sentence?"

Nov. 4—Clea Reagan held Irene Rayer's hand during civics.



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Nov. 5—Ed Critchlow tries to make love to Harriet Hale in civics. Some class.

Nov. 8—Orchestra practice. Discharged Eckert—"Oh, me!" Bob turns up.

Nov. 9—V. Wiley was stuck \$25 in Y. M. C. A. campaign.

Nov. 10—Miss Ward just can't keep those mean boys still.

Nov. 11—Two rows of names on board. Report 206. Big show in town yesterday.

Nov. 12—Large crowd goes to Frankfort to see basketball game.

Nov. 15—Seniors visit all picture shows in town. They start in the Sipe, but big Bill Helmick is there.

Nov. 16—First smell of asafetida.

Nov. 17—We get one day vacation.

Nov. 18—E. Trees brought Mike a lemon, but saw Miss Cole-scott and gave it to her.

Nov. 22—Bennett asks the whereabouts of that mythological teacher.

Nov. 23—Red Lantz left civics class—by request.

Nov. 24—Another vacation. This is for Thanksgiving.

Nov. 24—Reagan returns from Indianapolis and tells us he saw Eckert at the Columbia club.

Nov. 30—Last day of November. This year it had only thirty days.

Dec. 1—While physiology class was dissecting a stiff, Scottie Mygrant was hit on the head with a lung and Hanson walked out with a foot in his pocket.

Dec. 2—Mike takes botany class to see largest tree in the world.

Dec. 3—Fritz is the star in game with Galveston.

Dec. 4—Ed Critchlow was overcome by the state of civics class and said: "Well, it is darned near the same."

Dec. 7—We can tell John and Sam apart, but how about Ned and Fred?

Dec. 8—Four inches of snow. No freshman classes.

Dec. 9—Jim Brown leaves us.

Dec. 10—Fifteen more days until Christmas.

Dec. 13—Beany Mays took his usual fourth period nap.

Dec. 14—Three boys were caught smoking in the sky lights.

Dec. 15—Fat Davis found Bill Shimer in a picture that was taken at the lake, but Bill denies ever seeing the picture.

Dec. 16—First chapel in new auditorium. The German speaks to us.

Dec. 17—Miss R. in English: "Ray, give a sentence with a verb phrase showing action." Ray Lantz: "He was standing." Miss R.: "What action does that show?" Ray Lantz: "He is getting tired."

Dec. 20—You can hear Pidge Stewart for a mile with that loud shirt on.

Dec. 21—Trial begins in civics class and an attempt is made to bribe the jury.

Dec. 22—Miss Choate risked her life in a Ford.

Dec. 23—Christmas vacation.

Jan. 3, 1916—Everybody looks sleepy.

Jan. 4—C. Bogue tells us he has thirty-two credits. Where did he get them?

Jan. 5—Senior class meeting. Are going to have a social but don't know where.

Jan. 6—Mary Thomas and Ethyln Tucker were canned from civics class for pushing poor Elliott Trees from his chairs.



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Jan. 7—Kokomo won from Anderson and Bennett could shoot pool that night as never before.

Jan. 10—Bill Beeching is canned for sticking Parker with a little pin.

Jan. 11—We lose our great forward, Elliott Trees.

Jan. 12—Bennett and George McReynolds run in competition for a certain Latin teacher.

Jan. 13—Ghost Wise had a boil on his neck.

Jan. 14—Pidge Stewart left the assembly today without asking to leave.

Jan. 17—Who went to Marion?

Jan. 18—Heavy snow. Harold Deal wore a straw hat.

Jan. 19—Ethel Shelly wants to know who "Spider" is.

Jan. 20—Mike broke up a very interesting poker game in the gym.

Jan. 21—Isn't Red Lantz's hair black?

Jan. 24—Monday. Students very dull; even the teachers are dull.

Jan. 25—Freeland's own composition of music is played at chapel—"Eckert the II."

Jan. 27—Spizer Broo's hair stood on end this morning.

Jan. 28—Joe! Joe! Maloney chewed gum all day.

Jan. 31—First day of new term. The seniors have four months to serve yet.

Feb. 1—Much excitement caused by creek rising out of its banks.

Feb. 2—Hanson says: "There ain't no such thing as a ground hog seeing his shadow."

Feb. 3—Some juniors applauded the benediction at chapel. "Wise fools."

Feb. 4—Miss Henby found a snake on her desk.

Feb. 7—Francis Dixon mistakes union for onion. Very bad mistake.

Feb. 8—Posters for the senior class play adorn every window in town.

Feb. 9—Robert Chancellor thinks K. Graham's hair is red. Good eye.

Feb. 10—Senior class play given.

Feb. 11—Win game from Thorntown high school.

Feb. 14—Cecil Shephard drives around the corner after Freeman and to his dismay puts his arm around another.

Feb. 16—H. S. orchestra entertains us at chapel this morning.

Feb. 17—George Simmons winked at Mary Sexton.

Feb. 18—Irene Coleman still giggles. Ask Rel if she don't.

Feb. 21—Madge Becroft was talking to a boy and really blushed.

Feb. 22—Miss Charity Dye speaks at chapel.

Feb. 23—Mary Thomas, H. Hale, K. Kain and Coleman had their usual seats in the pigeon roost at Sipes'.

Feb. 24—Myrle Bair did not have a date.

Feb. 25—Bob Finch pulled his shoe half way off, but he was overcome.

Feb. 28—Dick Moon picked cinders from his eyes all day. Boxcar Dick.

Feb. 29—Red Butler goes to Indianapolis to see "The Russian Ballet," and pays 10 bucks for two seats (?).

March 1—Clark, of Chemistry Lab., sure can kid the ladies. He's no spring chicken.

Mar. 2—Bosco Moore found a dime and he would not speak to any one.

Mar. 6—Julia McGaw is sure Irish, when she chews spearmint.

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Mar. 7—Yell practice for district tournament.

Mar. 8—Caughlan begs with tears in his eyes for some one to keep a basketball player.

Mar. 9—K. H. S. marches through town with band at head of line. Freeland is drum major.

Mar. 10—Games start with much enthusiasm.

Mar. 11—Kokomo wins district meet.

Mar. 13—Critchlow and Beeching start to make up period. Score: Beeching, 29; Critchlow, 14.

Mar. 14—Misses Royer and Curley spent the eighth period with Miss Rogers.

Mar. 15—Mae Bair makes her debut into our social life.

Mar. 16—B. Morgan lends his coat. Some one is going to Bloomington.

Mar. 17—State tournament. Kokomo wins from Seymour.

Mar. 18—Lafayette wins championship. We lose to Crawfordsville

Mar. 20—Margaret comes home her shoes slightly soiled.

Mar. 23—Elliott Trees and Roscoe Moore pulled in from DePauw

Mar. 28—Score Beeching-Critchlow contest: Beeching, 29; Critchlow, 14.

Mar. 31—1A's social, no eats, grand jury investigation promised.

April 3—No indictments as yet.

April 4—This book goes to press.

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